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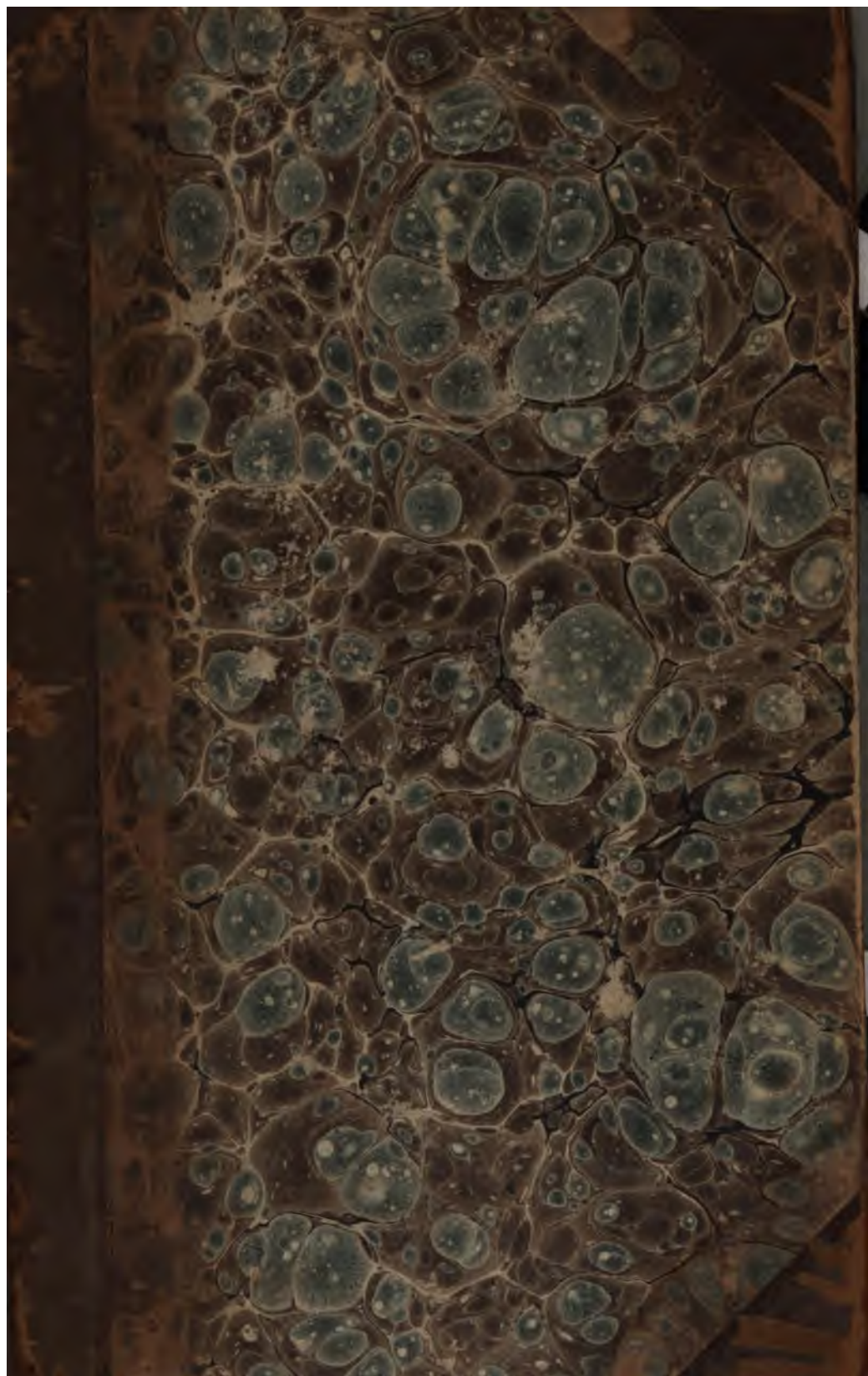
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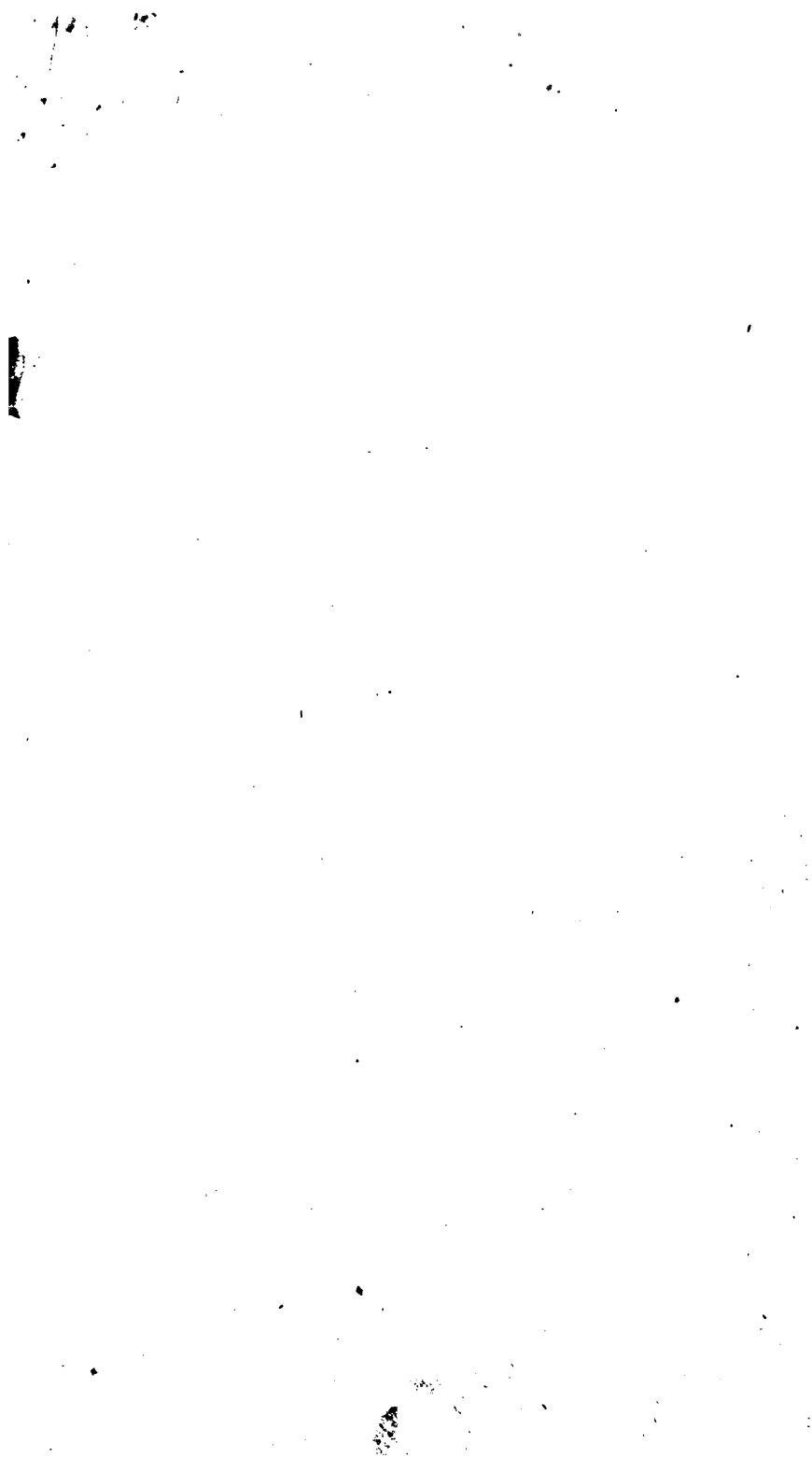
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1829

A
V I S I T
TO
B A B Y L O N ;
WITH OBSERVATIONS,
MORAL AND POLITICAL.

By HARRY HAWTHORN, Esq.

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach ; with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts ; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe, through their sea-coal canopy ;
A huge dun cupola, like a fool's-cap crown
On a fool's head—and *there is London Town.*—BYRON.

Dieu a fait le pays, le diable la ville.

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VISIT TO BABYLON.

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please ;
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene.—*Goldsmith.*

WHEN a book is written, it is only courtesy in the writer to inform the reader who and what the author is ; this information may, however, be perfectly uninteresting to some, while others may entertain a different desire : for these latter, therefore, be the numbers large or small, I state the following particulars:—

In the romantic vale of BOLTON upon the WHARFE, in the WEST RIDING of YORKSHIRE, situated upon a gentle declivity of one of the extensive and towering hills that form the north-eastern part of the valley, dipping even to the banks of the Wharfe, is an old-fashioned stone-built house ; the hills covered with the majestic timber of the oak and the ash, rise behind it ; and a meadow which runs to the edge of the river is before ; on the right of this mansion is seen, placed upon the knoll of a high hill, commanding a view of the whole extent of the winding vale, the ruins of the old Barden Tower, the baronial residence of the ROMILLIE family ; and on the

left, quite in the flat of the valley, are seen the beautiful remains of BOLTON PRIORY. Thus situated is HAWTHORN HALL, the place of the author's nativity.

If in the vales of England there be one vale more lovely than another, it is that of BOLTON ; some vales are admired for one thing, others for other things, but here is every variety of an anti-thetical (if I may use the term) description ; and nature herself seems to have selected this spot in which to display all the charms of diversified scenery, for here are blue-tinted hills contrasted with deep and gloomy glens, barren rocks with verdant fields, noisy falling cataracts with silent gliding streams, the wood-embosomed cottage with the substantial farm, and the weather-beaten tower with the venerable Abbey. Amidst such scenes were I and my fathers born. The HAWTHORN family were not a rich family, but an ancient and respectable one ; and had they been less desirous of keeping up what my old father used to call good old English hospitality, I, their only descendant, would have been a much wealthier man. I do not, however, lament this hereditary generosity of my ancestors, but rejoice at it ; because, although it has made me poorer, it has secured to the memory of their characters that solid wealth which arises from the affectionate remembrance of their friends and neighbours.

My father, JOHN HAWTHORN, lived till he was eighty years old. He had mixed in the busy scenes of BABYLON when young, in the character of a Turkish merchant, but finding that a mer-

cantile life was not compatible with his disposition, and desire for rural felicity, he withdrew his money, married, and came to the retirements of BOLTON. My father and mother passed very happy years before I was born, which took place in 1788: my arrival here did not a little increase their happiness, especially as I resembled, in some small degree, my mother, who was a very handsome woman. It is useless to recount all my juvenile days, they would be uninteresting to the reader, although the remembrance of them recalls to my mind the numerous proofs of kindness which I received at the hands of my much-loved and venerated parents. I was sent to no school, for my father thought teaching was too important an undertaking for a hireling to perform; and having much leisure and every qualification for the task, he undertook to teach me every thing that he thought would be advantageous to myself, and useful to my fellow-creatures. It was not, however, till the winter of 1798, when I was ten years old, that he began this important work, having spent the previous years in doing all that a kind and tender father could do, to produce in me a *sound body*. His system of education, therefore, I remember well; it was slow, but sure; and was secured by affection, and not from fear. He *taught* me, and did not allow me merely to *learn*. I did not, it is true, make any rapid advances in knowledge, but all I was taught I thoroughly understood. One maxim, however, he impressed upon my mind, which was this, that I was to respect no one but for their virtue and their

merits ; and to despise riches, unless they were applied for the benefit of mankind. But to stimulate me in my endeavours to learn, he selected a young lad from a numerous family residing in the village, whom he taught with me and exactly in the same manner ; and, when I was dull and stupid, he put this boy forward for the purpose of exciting my emulation. The generous and noble-minded boy was named SIGBERT ; and the reason which induced my father to choose him for my companion, arose from the following circumstance.

In the gloomy recesses of the woods, upon one of the sides of the hills, completely hidden by the fine grown trees that surrounded it, was a woodman's cottage. It was a low thatched building, with a porch to the door, up the sides of which were trained the ivy and the honeysuckle, which had crept so luxuriantly that they almost hid the two windows at each side of the door ; the approach to this rural spot was through a winding avenue of fine trees ; at the extremity of the avenue was a wicker gate, which bounded the garden, laid out with great taste and simplicity. There were two divisions in the garden ; the one set apart for vegetables and culinary herbs, and the other for flowers and pretty blowing shrubs. Suspended from the top of the porch was a cage, in which there was a woodlark, the petted favourite of the woodman's daughter ; she had reared it from a few days after it had been hatched, and had manifested towards it the greatest care and solicitude. The bird, in return, had shown all those marks of tameness and docility which she

received as the reward of her care. She did not confine her little favourite invariably in the cage, but gave it full liberty to roam. It happened one day, however, as it was perched upon the roof of the cottage, warbling to the climbing sun, a hawk that had been hovering over it for some time pounced upon it, and bore it away in a moment. Great was the grief and many were the tears that the innocent little EMMA (for that was her name) shed on this sad occasion. She saw it borne away to the high and lofty crags of the rocks that rose in majesty on the other side of the vale. Dejected at the loss, she never turned her eyes towards the empty cage without weeping exceedingly. No consolations that her mother could offer, nor promises of her father to obtain another, could any way assuage her sorrow. In this state of dejection she left her father's cottage for the purpose of obtaining from a spring, that was hid among the gloomy trees in the glen below, some water for domestic uses. This spring, which came issuing from a rock, was a favourite resort of hers, and much of her time had she spent there; two lofty trees had been planted at each side of the rough-hewn basin into which the water ran; the roots of the trees shooting in a horizontal direction, the one to the right and the other to the left of the basin, were converted by the villagers into seats. Here EMMA seated herself; the place was gloomy, and rendered more so by the approach of the evening. From this spring might be seen, through various breaks of the woods, the rich plains of the valley, presenting

to the sight every variety. The grazing cattle in the meadows, the boys innocently angling in the stream, the venerable Priory almost concealed by trees, and last, but not least in beauty, the varied tinted colours of the slowly moving clouds. These sights EMMA had seen before with satisfaction ; but now she entirely disregarded them, and listened only to the curfew bell, and the notes of the distant thrush. All she thought of was the loss of her little favourite, and that principle of nature which teaches one thing to prey upon another. Her reverie, however, was soon disturbed by the arrival of one of the village lads, who had come there for water, with a much lighter heart than EMMA had ; he had met her there many times before, and had at all times seen her countenance beaming with joy and pleasure. But now, however, her bright dark eye was dimmed with tears, and her whole countenance betrayed the disturbed and agitated state of her mind ; this could not be hid, and especially not from the scrutinising observation of young SIGBERT, who, although accustomed to the rough and hard pursuits of rural life, was not less subject to those feelings of sympathy which arise from the possession of a generous soul. He therefore rather bluntly inquired the cause of her grief ; she mildly answered, “ O SIGBERT, I have lost my favourite bird ; a hawk “ seized upon it, and flew away with it to yonder “ cliff, the brow of which is nearly enveloped in “ the clouds ; it was singing to me at the time “ while I was engaged in the garden ; one moment “ I was charmed with its song, the next alarmed

“at its shrieks.” She then sobbed, and grief stifled her further utterance. “How long is it since?” said the eager SIGBERT. “At noon,” she faintly replied. “I’ll go instantly and catch the hawk,” said SIGBERT; and he no sooner proposed the thing than he left her to accomplish his purpose. He immediately descended the glen, and EMMA eagerly watched him till she could see him no more, by the intervening trees and darkness of the approaching night. She would fain have prevented him from his hazardous undertaking, but he allowed her no time for expostulations. Now he had left her, she would have gladly, if she had dared, waited amidst the gloom and solitude that surrounded her for his return. Not that she sought a gratification of that revenge which influenced SIGBERT; not that she wished to see the savage destroyer breathless at her feet, but that she might know that her ardent friend had escaped the perils to which the execution of his enterprise might expose him. This, however, was not practicable; she therefore left the silent haunts, and got home just as the abbey clock struck nine. Some little anxiety had been felt by her affectionate parents during her absence, which on this occasion was much longer than ordinary. Her arrival, however, soon dissipated even that little, and their only care was to remove the depression of mind under which their amiable child was labouring. She, however, sought relief in the solitude of her chamber, whither she soon retired. The window was open, the breezes gently blew backward and forwards the unnailed branches

of the honeysuckle, the blossoms of which had not only scented the pure air, but had filled with their delicious odour the whole of her apartment. In the recess of her chamber window was a seat; on this she sat, placing her elbow on the window-sill, and her languishing head upon her hand, and while her hair moved to the breezes, she directed her attention with eagerness to the towering cliffs on the opposite side of the vale; at one moment, as the moon emerged from the flying clouds, she saw them distinctly; at another, they were lost in obscurity, as the clouds prevailed. At one time, she imagined she saw SIGBERT, with his ruthless prize in his hand; at another, she thought she saw him tottering upon the heights, and dashing headlong among the crags below. The thought was awful, she arose from her seat, and instantly repaired to bed to bury her imagination in the silence of repose.

SIGBERT, after leaving his dejected and sorrow-stricken friend, soon gained the vale, and splashing through the shallow Wharfe, attained the opposite declivity, and began to climb the rough and difficult ascent that led to the crags. Difficult and dangerous was the task he had undertaken, but with a zeal that knew of no limits, and with courage and intrepidity that no dangers could appal; he pursued his devious way to the heights above him; one moment he was treading upon overhanging cliffs, the next he was wandering among the chasms and untrodden rocks, at one time erect, and at another, crawling; the wild fox barked at the unexpected intrusion, and the

ravens he disturbed, hoarsely welcomed him to their haunts. By the moon's light he wended his way ; the barren buttresses of the mountain were tinged with her mild beams, and all about him seemed the rude habitations (as they had been) of wolves and wild boars. He looked up, and saw far above him, still towering to the firmament, the wished-for crags ; unsatiated in his pursuit, he renewed his exertions, and after an increase of difficulty and labour he found himself upon the margin of the crags. His heart palpitated with joy, his eyes glistened with pleasure : bent, however, as he was, upon the destruction of the hawk, whose nest he soon discovered, he could not help pausing at the grandeur and sublimity of the scenes above and below him. When he directed his eyes to his own happy valley, all that before appeared to him large and magnificent, were now dwindled almost into nothingness. The venerable priory, and still more ancient castle, looked like dingy spots, lost among the gloomy masses of trees that surrounded them. The cottages and farms were specks, and his own and EMMA's happy homes were perfectly indiscernible. The broad and wandering Wharfe appeared like a narrow and unmoving line of light ; in short, the valley, out of which he had never been for any number of miles, and within a few miles of which he had considered all the world was contained, now appeared of no dimensions when compared with the vast and magnificent objects which attracted his attention. Above him were the mottled firmament, the bright moon, and the unnumbered stars ; and on either

hand, land and hills lengthened, till alone the distant horizon bounded the whole. Awed by the greatness of the things he saw, and solemnized as his thoughts were by religious feelings, feelings with which his mind had been stored from his infancy, he had almost forgotten the object of his pursuit; but turning to look towards the woodman's cottage, his thoughts came quickly back, bringing to his imagination the weeping and sorrowful EMMA, whose tears had been the spurs to his revenge. He, therefore, began to consider in what manner he could get to the nest, and seize upon the fugitive foe; he had approached within a short distance of the eyrie; that distance, short as it was, was not to be gained without exposing himself to great peril. Peril was, at that time, farthest from his thoughts, those being only occupied upon the best mode of scaling the other rock, at the top of which the hawk had built her nest. In this towering rock was a narrow chasm or crack, in which had taken root, and out of which were growing, several ash trees, as it were one upon another; and as the rock formed a sort of cove or cave, the highest tree overhung the rest, and appeared from the vale below mere weeds; but, just within a foot or two of the topmost branches of this highest tree, was the nest; and while the mother nestled her young ones, her mate made the tree his perching place. To climb to this tree was SIGBERT's desire directed, and he began with little ceremony to make preparations for the accomplishment of his hazardous enterprise; he crept into the chasm, and placing his back against

one side of it, and his knees against the other, he rose by alternately moving the one and the other. He gained the first tree, and then clinging to the roots he soon got into the branches, and with breathless anxiety directed his attention to the almost unapproachable retreat; forgetting, that one fatal slip, or the breaking of a single branch, must have precipitated him into an abyss of ragged rocks, over the gloomy depths of which he was then hanging. He seized with avidity the slumbering cock, and instantly twisted his neck off; letting both fall to the bottom of the chasm, and then making the boughs bend towards the side of the rock, he put his bloody hand into the warm habitation and dragged out the screaming hen, who met with the same fate; the next care was to exterminate the brood, which he did by pulling out the nest, and throwing it and the unfledged young ones to the ground. The deed was done, and his exertions had been rewarded. And now he thought of his friend and his home, for evening had far advanced, although he was unconscious of it. It required, probably, more care, but not so much time, to descend as it had to ascend; and, accordingly, after collecting his prey, and tying them together by the legs, and then tying them to his waist, he got with difficulty to the plain. No villager was moving, all was hushed, the very zephyrs were still; onward he went, crossed the Wharfe, and soon arrived at EMMA'S cottage, whom he found sitting at her chamber window, not, however, expecting his return, concluding, from the lateness of the night, he was at home; but

watching the moving moon and the star-studded sky. "Here they are," said the exulting SIGBERT, and threw them into the ivy-covered porch of the cottage, and bidding her good night, reached home, not however escaping a reproof from his mother, who had been, for so many hours, anxiously expecting his return. The tale soon got circulated through the village, and at last reached the ears of my father, who, struck with the boldness of the undertaking and the generosity of the motive, determined that the brave and generous boy should be the companion of his son. Such, therefore, was my friend and companion in my juvenile studies; the blood of man never warmed a purer heart, nor circulated in a better or more manly frame. We spent our first years together, in uninterrupted and increasing friendship; but SIGBERT being of a roving turn, my father procured him a situation as purser's clerk in a merchant's ship; and from the day of his embarkation at LIVERPOOL, I have neither seen nor heard of him. I remember well the evening of his departure; I had shunned the hour that was to separate us, and had gone into the woods to seek retirement among the rocks which overhang the tremendous gulf called the Strid.* The sun

* About midway up the Vale of Bolton, amidst the gloomy recesses of the woods, the Wharfe, which is otherwise a wide and shallow river, is suddenly contracted by two huge rocks, which approach each other so nearly, that the country folk, or rather the villagers, call it the *Strid*, because adventurous people stride or leap from one rock to the other. In ancient days, the whole of this valley belonged to Baron Romillie, whose eldest son having died, left a younger brother, of the name of EGREMONT, sole heir of the

had sunk behind the hills, leaving me in these rude and gloomy haunts, where I had resolved to conceal myself until the hour had arrived when I knew he must be gone. I had not, however, remained concealed long, before I heard his voice making the woods echo with my name. I got up and met him. Few were our sentiments, but many were our feelings, and all were lost in the fatal words "Good bye." He left our valley on my favourite horse, accompanied by his father, who rode upon my mother's. As they wound round the hill, I exclaimed, turning to my father, "I perhaps shall see him no more for ever;" and I have never seen him since.

After his departure, although I was twenty years old, all seemed a blank, and I a listless moving lump; and so I remained until a greater calamity befell me in the death of my mother, who died about five years after. My former grief was now absorbed in one of more importance, but which I overcame rather sooner, because I had, just previously to this time, begun to study and practise rural affairs, attending to a large garden

domains and inheritance of this noble family. One day, however, when this young man, familiarly called the "Boy of Egremont," was returning from hunting with the hounds in the *leash*, he, as he had done many times before, was going to leap the *Strid*, when, just as he had attempted it, the hounds held back, and precipitated him headlong into the deep and awful chasm, which the impetuous fall of water (thus produced by the sudden contraction of the river) had worn in the base of the two rude rocks, and he was never seen afterwards. The Baron, being now left childless, built the Abbey, and endowed it with the domains of Bolton.

and the business of a small farm. My success in both, in a great measure, dissipated my sorrow and grief; and although I can never forget her unbounded tenderness and affection, I certainly deplored her loss with less of poignancy than I did the departure of my friend.

I was now, as it were, master of HAWTHORN HALL, being twenty-five, and my father seventy-eight: although of a strong constitution, my mother's death made him, in a twelvemonth after, apparently old and infirm. I had now other cares besides those of a rural kind, and they increased with the infirmities of my venerated parent. The whole of my time was now spent with him, for he could scarcely bear to see me leave him, even for an hour. I amused him and instructed myself in reading; and, as he was a great politician, I principally read to him the writings of that great and powerful writer, Mr. COBBETT. We both looked for the Register with as much eagerness as a hungry labourer looks for his dinner; and so anxious was I to obtain it, that, although it would have come regularly to the Hall every Sunday, yet as I knew it arrived at SKIPTON on the Saturday, be the weather dry or wet, hot or cold, I invariably went to meet it, and absolutely found fault with myself if I found that the parcel had arrived before I had reached the place. So that, although I was far from the busy affairs of BABYLON, I was not ignorant of what was going on there, nor was I (as who could be after reading the Register) at all ignorant of the real state and condition of the country. Not politics alone did I learn from the

writings of this political HERCULES, I imbibed a knowledge and an attachment to rural affairs and an acquaintance with law and literature. His writings made me habituate myself to early rising, sober habits, and serious thinking ; and, in short, next to the religion I learned from my pious mother and the morals of my venerable father, I am indebted for every thing else to the writings of Mr. COBBETT.

Two years more did I spend in the above manner, and then terminated my cares and great anxiety with the death of my father. He is buried by the ruins of the Abbey walls, and on his tomb I inscribed, " JOHN HAWTHORN, Esq., an Englishman." For a long while previous to my father's death I had entertained a great desire to visit BABYLON, but the circumstances before stated had prevented me. Now, however, I was free from all impediment, and I was resolved to go.

I had, in my retirement amidst the harmony of the unnumbered songsters of the woods, the fields, and the lanes, read, times without end, the glowing descriptions of the base and infamous press relative to the increasing greatness of London, the wealth of its citizens, the splendour of its nobles, and, above all, the happiness of its people. If there be a noted law case, it is argued before the judges in *London* ; if any act be passed, it is passed by the parliament in *London* ; if any celebrated doctor is talked of, he lives in *London* ; if any famous preacher become notorious, he preaches in *London* ; if any interesting book is written, it is printed and published in *London* ; in short, all is *London*. If

there be exhibited in the neighbouring town a curious serpent or a stuffed baboon, "they have had the honour of being shown to his Majesty and Court in *London*;" if my barn be occupied by strolling players, most of the company are offsets from Drury Lane and Covent Garden boards in *London*; if I purchase a knife for my dinner, or a toothpick for my teeth, they are sure to be *London* made. Thus dinned, as it were, into admiration of the wonderful "*Wen*," I resolved that the succeeding spring should carry me with my best clothes, top-boots, and a few shirts, to the much-talked-of place. The laughing month of May arrives, and having duly notified my intention to my numerous friends and neighbours, I perceive that the weight of my trunk is not a little increased by the *small* parcels and numerous letters with which they entrust me. Thus charged and commissioned, the day comes for my departure, the previous night of which I spent in broken slumbers; I imagined I was in *London* one moment, and in another that the coach had broken down which was conveying me to it: the crash awoke me, and I tumbled about my bed listening to the too slowly moving pendulum of the house clock, and wishing for the morning. I slumbered again; and, now, I was in *London*, surrounded with happy faces that "never yet knew weeping," glittering noisy carriages, prancing horses, noble buildings, gorgeous palaces; but, lo! in the midst of all, I found my pockets picked, and I, pennyless and friendless, in a place where money is a universal god. I awoke to sleep no

more. The misty morning comes, and Aurora spreads her blushes in the eastern skies ; the lark warbles unseen in the firmament, the cuckoo's note is heard in the neighbouring trees ; the sun rises, dispelling with his orient beams the lingering shades of the night and the dews of the morning. I begin to stir, and with me my maids and man ; the trunk is brought into the hall, the great coat and umbrella ; " Good bye, girls, take care of the house ; I will think of you when I am there ; " now, Tom, let us be off, or we shall be too late." Tom takes the trunk, the dog would fain have accompanied me, but I drove him back with " Girls, take care of the dog, don't let him follow me." Man and I trudge to the end of the winding lane, which is terminated by the public road, along which the coach passes. There we stopped for its arrival, and soon I saw it come bowling down the hill, the guard with his horn announcing its approach. It stops, the trunk is buckled to the top, and I, for its security, get up and sit with my back against it. " Good bye, Tom," and off I started for London.

It is useless to detail the occurrences of my journey, but at once, reader, suppose my arrival in London ; I have bespoken a bed, and tired and fatigued with my journey, I am anxious to go to it. The waiter, with that mechanical politeness so much in vogue amongst these heroes of the towel or napkin, announced my wishes to the chambermaid, who presently appeared, furnished with a light in one hand, and a warming-pan in the other. With a lascivious look, half-leering eye, and an

affected screw of her mouth, she said, "I will *accompany* you to your bed-room, Sir;" and without waiting for a reply, turned round towards the stairs, leaving me either to follow her or find my bed by myself. I accordingly followed the light-heeled girl, who now and then turned herself on each landing, to view my face, which she invariably looked on with a smile that revealed to me, with little disguise, her inclinations and her desires. I involuntarily started from the wordless proposal, but did not hesitate to reward the too yielding creature, while I very civilly bade her good night. But she did not fail to return shortly to inquire whether there were water in the jug and soap in the dish; being answered in the affirmative, she reluctantly retired. My room was No. 14, in a long passage on the second landing, the window of which looked into the *apartments* (as they are called by the Babylonians) of a neighbouring tenement. I undressed myself, blessing the man who first invented beds, and devoutly thanking that Being who beneficently balances the fatigues of the day by the repose of the night. I, however, was not destined to enjoy much of this; the rattling of the coaches, the trotting of horses, the periodical bellowings of dromish watchmen, the creaking of shoes that kept passing pit-pat by my room door, the unhallowed snores that issued from No. 13, the ringing of bells from various parts of the house, but, above all, the perambulating bugs, that made every limb I had a meal or a promenade; all these, I say, kept me from slumbering, and I

thought, that, if I were doomed to be kept awake, I would, of the *two*, have *preferred the willing offers* of the voluptuous chambermaid to the *unwelcome visit* of these stinking crawling vermin. I managed at last, in spite of their crawlings and *bitings*, to get to sleep, and did not wake till late the next morning. I got up, dressed, and ordered my breakfast, when the following dialogue ensued between me and the waiter:

WAITER.—Tea or coffee, Sir?

Mr. H.—Neither; I want some bacon and beer.

WAITER.—Bacon and beer, Sir!

Mr. H.—Yes; bacon and beer.

WAITER.—We have no bacon in the house, Sir.

Mr. H.—No bacon! What have you then?

WAITER.—We have some *nice* ham and some *beautiful* cold beef, fowls, and a pigeon-pie.

Mr. H.—Bring me the beef, and some of your best ale.

WAITER.—Yes, Sir, directly.

Off went the waiter to the bar to obtain the beef: in the mean time there had seated himself in the same box in which I was sitting, a spruce-looking young man, who amused himself in paring and cleaning his nails. He had heard my dialogue with the waiter, and he began one with me.

Sir, said the Nail Cleaner, (never taking his eyes from his nails,) do you never take tea?

Mr. H.—No.

NAIL CLEANER.—Nor coffee?

Mr. H.—No, nothing of the d——d stuff.

NAIL CLEANER.—Why, Sir, (resting his pen-

knife on the table, and looking me earnestly in the face,) I could do nothing all the day without a cup of tea, it is so refreshing.

Mr. H.—I have been told so, especially after a debauch.

NAIL CLEANER.—No, Sir, not only then, but at all times.

Mr. H.—Well, every man to his taste; I like the malt, and hate the tea.

NAIL CLEANER. (Beginning to clean the nails of the other hand.)—That is singular, Sir; but why do you dislike it?

Mr. H.—For many reasons: it is unwholesome, it is expensive, it sanctions laziness, it is a pretext for gossiping and scandal among women; and, in fact, it is the prolific source of degeneracy on the one hand, and national degradation on the other. All physicians agree that it is unwholesome. And as to the——

NAIL CLEANER.—But what would you substitute in its place?

Mr. H.—Beer.

NAIL CLEANER.—But tea is less expensive than beer.

Mr. H.—All the circumstances attending the taking of tea considered, it is not.

NAIL CLEANER.—What circumstances? (Shutting his penknife, and putting it in his pocket, and his nails in his mouth.)

Mr. H.—The preparation necessary to get it ready, the fire lighting, the kettle filling, the boiling of the water in it, which sometimes takes half an hour, sometimes three-quarters of an hour, and

not unfrequently over a dull fire, even longer. The making of the tea, the waiting for it to get cool enough to drink, the time for the cooling of it, which is repeated upon the filling of every cup. The washing up of the things, the wear and tear of them, their prime cost, the multitude of articles used, tea, sugar, milk, cups, saucers, sugar-basin, tea-pot, cream-pot, spoons, sugar-tongs, bread, butter, and plates, and last, but not least, the black dirty-looking kettle. All these things used twice a day, occupy in some families, beginning with the time that the fire is kindled to the washing up of the whole paraphernalia, four hours a day, and scarcely in any family less than three. Now, if we take the last, such families spend one thousand and ninety-five hours in the year; and, if we take the first, one thousand four hundred and sixty hours are consumed in swallowing stuff, which all the faculty acknowledge is unwholesome. If, then, we carry the thing further, which we must to see its expensiveness, the account stands thus :

1460 hours spent in tea drinking, reckoning			
12 hours a-day, are 121 days 8 hours at			
2s. 6d. a day	£15	4	2 a year.
Tea for 52 weeks, 4 ounces, at 2s a week..	5	4	0
Sugar for 52 weeks, 2lbs. at 6d.	1	12	0
Milk 1d. a-day for 365 days.	1	10	5
Firing, consisting of coals and wood, for the			
first 2s. 3d., and for the last 3d. a week			
for 52 weeks	6	10	0
Wear and tear of the tea things	0	10	0
	<hr/>		
	30	10	7

Now, Sir, said I, for thirty pounds ten shillings

and sevenpence a man may brew his own beer, and, instead of sipping hot stained sweetened water, he would be able to drink two or three pots of beer a day. I am, therefore, for the malt. Besides, the taking of tea implies leisure, a thing that a working man or a labourer's wife should know nothing of, excepting on feast days and Sundays. For, be your emergencies ever so great, be you in ever so great a hurry, you must, at any rate, *stay* till your tea is *cool* enough to drink, and when that love of ease, so natural to us all, is considered, few, I acknowledge, are able to resist the temptation, to indulge in this useless expenditure of time necessary to the consumption of the tea. All things, therefore, considered; the waste of time, its unwholesomeness, its expensiveness, its effeminate appearance; all things, therefore, considered, Sir, I hope you think my detestation of the fatal and national degrading plant is not unfounded in reason.

NAIL CLEANER.—You have made out your case, Sir; but, at any rate, every woman in the kingdom will join with me in saying it is a poor one.

Thus all my arguments were overturned by this NAIL CLEANER; I have, however, one consolation in knowing that my opinions are in unison with those which Mr. COBBETT entertains. In the following extract, the reader will see the pernicious consequences of the tea drinking, depicted with all that force and closeness of argument so characteristic of his writings.

“ The drink, which has come to supply the place of beer, has, in general, been *tea*. It is notorious, that tea has no *useful*

strength in it; that it contains nothing *nutritious*; that it, besides being *good* for nothing, has *badness* in it, because it is well known to produce want of sleep in many cases, and in all cases to shake and weaken the nerves. It is, in fact, a weaker kind of laudanum, which enlivens for the moment and deadens afterwards. At any rate it communicates no strength to the body; it does not, in any degree, assist in affording what labour demands. It is, then, of no use. And, now, as to its *cost*, compared with that of *beer*, I shall make my comparison applicable to a year, or three hundred and sixty-five days. I shall suppose the tea to be only five shillings the pound; the sugar only sevenpence; the milk only twopence a quart. The prices are at the very lowest. I shall suppose a tea-pot to cost a shilling, six cups and saucers two shillings and sixpence, and six pewter spoons eighteenpence. How to estimate the firing I hardly know, but certainly there must be in the course of the year, two hundred fires made that would not be made, were it not for tea drinking. Then comes the great article of all, the *time* employed in this tea making affair. It is impossible to make a fire, boil water, make the tea, drink it, wash up the things, sweep up the fire-place, and put all to rights again in a less space of time, upon an average, than *two hours*. However, let us allow *one hour*; and here we have a woman occupied no less than three hundred and sixty-five hours in the year, or thirty whole days, at twelve hours in the day; that is to say, one month out of the twelve in the year, besides the waste of the man's time in hanging about waiting for the tea! Needs there any thing more to make us cease to wonder at seeing labourers' children with dirty linen and holes in the heels of their stockings? Observe, too, that the time thus spent, is one half of it the best time of the day. It is the top of the morning, which, in every calling of life, contains an hour worth two or three hours of the afternoon. By the time that the clattering tea tackle is out of the way, the morning is spoiled; its prime is gone; and any work that is to be done afterwards lags heavily along. If the mother have to go out to work, the tea affair must all first be over. She comes into the field, in summer time, when the sun has gone a third part of his course. She has the heat of the day to encounter, instead of having her work done and being ready to return home at an early hour. Yet early she must go, too: for, there is the fire again to be made, the clattering tea tackle again to come forward; and even in the

longest day she must have *candle-light*, which never ought to be seen in a cottage (except in case of illness) from March to September.

Now, then, let us take the bare cost of the use of tea. I suppose a pound of tea to last twenty days; which is not nearly half an ounce every morning and evening. I allow for each mess half a pint of milk. And I allow three pounds of the red dirty sugar to each pound of tea. The account of expenditure would then stand very high; but to these must be added the amount of the tea tackle, one set of which will, upon an average, be demolished every year. To these outgoings must be added the cost of beer at the public house; for, some the man will have after all, and the woman too, unless they be upon the point of actual starvation. Two pots a week is as little as will serve in this way; and here is a dead loss of ninepence a week, seeing that two pots of beer, full as strong, and a great deal better, can be brewed at home for threepence. The account of the year's tea drinking will, then, stand thus:—

18lb. of Tea.....	£4	10	0
54lb of Sugar	1	11	6
365 Pints of Milk.....	1	10	0
Tea Tackle	0	5	0
200 Fires	0	16	8
30 Days' Work	0	15	0
Loss by going to public house	1	19	0

£11 7 2

“ I have here estimated every thing at its very lowest. The entertainment which I have here provided is as poor, as mean, as miserable as any thing short of starvation can set forth; and yet the wretched thing amounts to a good third part of a good and able labourer's wages! For this money, he and his family may drink good and wholesome beer: in a short time, out of the mere savings from this waste, may drink it out of silver cups and tankards. In a labourer's family, *wholesome* beer, that has a little life in it, is all that is wanted in *general*. Little children, that do not work, should not have beer. Broth, porridge, or something in that way is the thing for them. However, I shall suppose, in order to make my comparison as little complicated as possible, that he

brews nothing but beer as strong as the generality of beer to be had at the public house, and divested of the poisonous drugs which that beer but too often contains; and I shall further suppose that he uses in his family two quarts of this beer every day from the first of October to the last day of March inclusive; three quarts a day during the months of April and May; four quarts a day during the months of June and September; and five quarts a day during the months of July and August; and if this be not enough it must be a family of drunkards. Here are 1097 quarts, or 274 gallons. Now, a bushel of malt will make eighteen gallons of better beer than that which is sold at the public houses. And this is precisely a gallon for the price of a quart. People should bear in mind, that the beer, bought at the public house, is loaded with a ~~beer tax~~, with the tax on the public house keeper, in the shape of licence, with all the taxes and expenses of the brewer, with all the taxes, rent, and other expenses of the publican, and with all the profits of both brewer and publican; so that when a man swallows a pot of beer at a public house, he has all these expenses to help to defray, besides the mere tax on the malt and on the hops.

“ Well, then, to brew this ample supply of good beer for a labourer’s family, these 274 gallons, requires *fifteen* bushels of malt and (for let us do the thing well) *fifteen pounds of hops*. The malt is now eight shillings a bushel, and very good hops may be bought for less than a shilling a pound. The *grains* and yeast will amply pay for the labour and fuel employed in the brewing; seeing that there will be pigs to eat the grains, and bread to be baked with the yeast. The account will, then, stand thus :

15 Bushels of Malt.....	£6	0	0
15 Pounds of Hops.....	0	15	0
Wear of Utensils.....	0	10	0
	<hr/>		
	£7	5	0

And Here, then, is the sum of four pounds two shillings and two pence saved every year. The utensils for brewing are, a brass kettle, a mashing tub, coolers, (for which washing tubs may serve,) a half boghead, with one end taken out for a tun tub, about four wine-gallon casks, and a couple of eighteen gallon casks. This is an ample supply of utensils, each of which will last with proper

cost a good long lifetime or two, and the whole of which, even if purchased new from the shop, will only exceed by a few shillings, if they exceed at all, the amount of the saving, arising *from the very first year*, from quitting the troublesome and pernicious practice of drinking tea. The saving of each succeeding year would, if you chose it, purchase a silver mug to hold half a pint at least. However, the saving would naturally be applied to purposes more conducive to the well-being and happiness of a family.

"It is not, however, the *mere saving* to which I look. This is, indeed, a matter of great importance, whether we look at the amount itself, or at the ultimate consequences of a judicious application of it; for *four pounds* make a great *hole* in a man's wages for the year; and when we consider all the advantages that would arise to a family of children from having these four pounds, now so miserably wasted, laid out upon their backs, in the shape of a decent dress, it is impossible to look at this waste without feelings of sorrow not wholly unmingled with those of a harsher description.

"But I look upon the thing in a still more serious light. I view the tea drinking as a destroyer of health, an enfeebler of the frame, an engenderer of effeminacy and laziness, a debaucher of youth, and a maker of misery for old age. In the fifteen bushels of malt, there are 570 pounds weight of *sweet*; that is to say of nutritious matter, unmingled with any thing injurious to health. In the 730 tea messes of the year there are 54 pounds of sweet in the sugar, and about 30 pounds of matter equal to sugar in the milk. Here are eighty-four pounds instead of five hundred and seventy, and even the good effect of these eighty-four pounds is more than overbalanced by the corrosive, gnawing, the poisonous powers of the tea.

"It is impossible for any one to deny the truth of this statement. Put it to the test with a lean hog: give him the fifteen bushels of malt, and he will repay you in ten score of bacon or thereabouts. But give him the 730 tea messes, or rather begin to give them to him, and give him nothing else, and he is dead with hunger, and bequeaths you his skeleton, at the end of about seven days. It is impossible to doubt in such a case. The tea drinking has done a great deal in bringing this nation into the state of misery in which it now is; and the tea drinking, which is carried on by "dribs" and "drabs;" by pence and farthings going out at a time; this miserable practice has been gradually introduced by

the growing weight of the taxes on malt and on hops, and by the everlasting penury amongst the labourers, occasioned by the paper-money.

"We see better prospects, however, and therefore let us now cease ourselves, and shake from us the degrading curse, the effects of which have been much more extensive and infinitely more mischievous than men in general seem to imagine.

"It must be evident to every one, that the practice of tea drinking must render the frame feeble and unfit to encounter hard labour or severe weather, while, as I have shown, it deducts from the means of replenishing the belly and covering the back. Hence succeeds a softness, an effeminacy, a seeking for the fire-side, a hawking in the bed, and, in short, all the characteristics of idleness, for which, in this case, real want of strength furnishes an apology. The tea drinking fills the public house, makes the frequenting of it habitual, corrupts boys as soon as they are able to move from home, and does little less for the girls, to whom the gossip of the tea table is no bad preparatory school for the brothel. At the very least, it teaches them idleness. The everlasting dawdling about with the slops of the tea tackle gives them a relish for nothing that requires strength and activity. When they go from home, they know how to do nothing that is useful. To brew, to bake, to make butter, to milk, to rear poultry; to do any earthly thing of use they are wholly unqualified. To shut poor young creatures up in manufactories is bad enough; but there, at any rate, they do something that is useful; whereas the girl that has been brought up merely to boil the tea kettle, and to assist in the gossip inseparable from the practice, is a mere consumer of food, a pest to her employer, and a curse to her husband, if any man be so unfortunate to fix his affections upon her.

"But is it in the power of any man, any good labourer who has attained the age of fifty, to look back upon the last thirty years of his life, without cursing the day in which tea was introduced into England? Where is there such a man, who cannot trace to this cause a very considerable part of all the mortifications and sufferings of his life? When was he ever *too late* at his labour; when did he ever meet with a frown, with a turning off, and pauperism on that account, without being able to trace it to the tea-kettle? When reproached with lagging in the morning, the poor wretch tells you that he will make up for it by *working*

during his breakfast time! I have heard this a hundred and a hundred times over. He was up time enough; but the tea kettle kept him lolling and lounging at home; and now instead of sitting down to a breakfast upon bread, bacon, and beer, which is to carry him on to the hour of dinner, he has to force his limbs along under the sweat of feebleness, and at dinner time to swallow his dry bread, or slake his half feverish thirst at the pump or the brook. To the wretched tea kettle he has to return at night with legs hardly sufficient to maintain him; and thus he makes his miserable progress towards that death which he finds ten or fifteen years sooner than he would have found it had he made his wife brew beer instead of making tea. If he now and then gladdens his heart with the drugs of the public house, some quarrel, some accident, some illness is the probable consequence; to the affray abroad succeeds an affray at home; the mischievous example reaches the children, corrupts them or scatters them, and misery for life is the consequence.

“The custom of brewing at home has so long ceased, amongst labourers, and, in many cases, amongst tradesmen, that it was necessary for me fully to state my reasons for wishing to see the custom revived. The operation will be found to be so *easy a thing*, that I am not without hope, that many *tradesmen*, who now spend their evenings at the public house amidst tobacco smoke and empty noise, may be induced, by the finding of better drink at home, at a quarter part of the price, to perceive that home is by far the pleasantest place wherein to pass their hours of relaxation.

“The *kind of beer* for a labourer's family; that is to say, the *degree of strength*, must depend on circumstances; on the numerousness of the family; on the season of the year, and various other. But, generally speaking, beer of eighteen gallons to the bushel of malt will be quite strong enough; for that is, at least, one-third stronger than the farm-house ‘*small beer*,’ which, however, as long experience has proved, is best suited to the purpose. A judicious labourer would, probably, always have some *ale* in his house, and have small beer for the general drink. There is no reason why he should not keep *Christmas* as well as the farmer; and when he is *mowing, reaping*, or is at any other hard work, a quart, or three pints of *really good fat ale* a day is by no means too much. However, circumstances vary so much with different labourers, that, as to the *sort of beer*, and the num-

ber of brewings, and the times of brewing, no general rule can be laid down."

There is a great difference between our estimates ; Mr. COBBETT makes his amount to eleven pounds odd, and I thirty pounds odd ; and yet I believe that Mr. COBBETT would acknowledge that mine was the more accurate, or, rather, approaching nearer to the real fact. Fortified, then, with such an authority, I fear no attacks from the tea-table tribe, and shall consider the conclusions Mr. COBBETT and myself have come to undeniable, until answered by reason and argument.

Having finished my *beautiful* beef, and drunk my ale, I sallied forth for the day, leaving Mr. NAIL CLEANER sipping his tea and perusing the *broad sheet*. My first business was to put all the letters intrusted to my care in the post ; and having perambulated BABYLON and its vicinity, North, South, East, and West, and duly discharged the *little* commissions with which my neighbours and friends had charged me, I now began to think about visiting the wonders of the great BABYLON, and therefore purchased "*A Stranger's Guide*," that I might the better understand the historical descriptions of the places which my curiosity might induce me to visit.

ST. PAUL'S.

A huge dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head.—*Byron.*

THIS building was erected by the nation in the reign of Queen Anne; the foundation stone was laid on the 21st June, 1675, and the edifice was completed in 1710, of course taking 35 years to complete it; the whole expense of it amounting, in money of that day, to one million and a half. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect, and a Mr. Strong the mason.

The dimensions of this "huge dun cupola" are as follows :

	Feet.
From East to West, within the walls	510
From North to South, with the doors of the porticos	222
The Breadth of the West Entrance	100
Its Circumference	2292
Its Height within, from the centre of the floor to the cross	404
The Circumference of the Dome	430
The Diameter of the Ball	6
From the Ball to the top of the Cross	30
The Weight of the Ball is 5600lbs., the Weight of the the Cross 3360; the whole of the Land upon which the Cathedral stands is 2 acres 16 perches.	

In the western area is placed a statue of QUEEN ANNE, sculptured in white marble; and to show

her piety and reverence for the church as by *law established*, she is placed with her back towards it, and her face fronting a gin-shop that used to be at the corner of Ludgate Hill. On the base of the pedestal are the figures representing *BRITANNIA* with a spear, *FRANCE* with a crown in her lap, *IRELAND* with a harp, and *AMERICA* with a bow. Alas! what a change has taken place since this was put up, only 115 years; this country possessed America; and the whole of that extensive continent formed a beneficial colony; now, however, she has become an independent state, and, in less than fifty years, our rival on the seas, excelling us in all things that appertain to our national greatness and renown, such as ship-building and all nautical experience. This is not all; she has made us fly not only from her own territories, but driven us from the seas; of which, for centuries before, we were justly styled the Queen and Mistress. As to *FRANCE*, with her crown in her lap, in this reign, the reign of Queen Anne, *FRANCE* had hardly any crown at all; or, if she had, we treated it so unceremoniously, that its lustre was quite eclipsed by the victories of *MARLBOROUGH* and the great diplomatic abilities of our ministers, among whom was the celebrated *LORD BOLINGBROKE*. Bear with me, gentle reader, for a few moments, while I contrast these days of "vast improvements," and of "march of mind," with those only of a century ago.

The treaty of peace that was made at the termination of the *MARLBOROUGH* war stipulated, among other things, that the King of *FRANCE*

should renounce all right and title to the crown of SPAIN, and that the King of SPAIN should renounce all claim to the crown of FRANCE. The kings of these two countries were *Bourbons*, and there was the greatest probability that the kingdoms would be united under one head by the hereditary and just claim that the one king would have on the demise of the other. Our ministers, conceiving that such a conjunction might be injurious to EUROPE, and dangerous to us, insisted upon the above stipulation being abided by, and strictly adhered to. Then, indeed, FRANCE was humbled, and her crown was in her lap; but now, alas! how different is the case. FRANCE, who has no hereditary claim to SPAIN, has taken military possession of that country; and has done this in opposition to our remonstrances to the contrary, and in spite, too, of the pious prayers of one of our ministers,* offered up in open parliament. Now her crown remains no longer in her lap; and, although we were told that she was a conquered country, subdued by the valour of England, yet she has, boldly and firmly, placed her crown upon her brow, and the brightness of the diadem reflects terror into the hearts of the ministers of England!

We must now, however, return to the Cathedral, the first curiosity of which is the library; this, however, is not to be seen without paying, therefore the lazy loons who show the place demand for looking at this *library*, literally nearly without books, and possessing nothing curious but

* MR. CANNING.

some Latin manuscripts, written very beautifully by some *monks* about 500 years ago ; these lazy loons, of whom I was speaking, demand for showing this library *twopence* for each person. The floor of this place is inlaid with oak, without peg or nail, and looks very pretty.

The next twopenny sight is the original model of the Cathedral, and in the room where this model is, are deposited the streamers and heraldic emblems made use of at the burying of the immortal NELSON. These are worthy of the stranger's notice ; these bring to his memory the victories of the NILE and TRAFALGAR ; victories, at which we can look with considerable satisfaction, inasmuch as they exhibit the natural strength of this nation, and above all, were not *purchased* by money, but won by hard blows.

The stranger is conducted to the great bell and clock, other twopenny sights. The weight of the bell is 11,470lbs. The hours of the clock are struck upon this bell, and may be heard from four to five miles' distance. The bell, however, is never tolled, but the clapper is moved on the death of the KING, QUEEN, or any member of the ROYAL FAMILY, or of the DEAN of ST. PAUL'S.

After seeing these things, twopence more are demanded for the Whispering Gallery.

" This is a very great curiosity. It is 140 yards in circumference. A stone seat runs round the gallery along the foot of the wall. On the side directly opposite the door by which the visitor enters, several yards of the seat are covered with matting, on which the visitor being seated, the man who shows the gallery whispers, with his mouth close to the wall, near the door, at the distance of 140 feet from the visitor, who hears his words in a loud voice,

seemingly at his ear. The mere shutting of the door produces a sound to those on the opposite seat like violent claps of thunder. The effect is not so perfect if the visitor sits down half way between the door and the matted seat, and still less so if he stands near the man who speaks, but on the other side of the door.

"The marble pavement of the church is extremely beautiful, seen from this gallery. The paintings on the inner side of the dome, by Sir James Thornhill, are viewed with most advantage here.

"The Ball is to be seen for *one shilling and sixpence* each person; and *one shilling* per company to the guide. The ascent to the Ball is attended with some difficulty, and is encountered by few, yet both the Ball and passage to it well deserve the labour. The diameter of the interior of the Ball is six feet two inches, and twelve persons may sit within it.

"The prospect from every part of the ascent to the top of St. Paul's, wherever an opening presents itself, is extremely curious. The effect is most complete from the gallery surrounding the foot of the lantern. The metropolis, from that spot, has a mimic appearance, like the objects in a *fantoccino*. The streets, the pavements, the carriages, and foot-passengers, have all the appearance of fairy ground and fairy objects. The spectator, contemplating the bustle of the diminutive throng below, is moved a little out of the sphere of his usual sympathy with them; and, as if they were emmets, asks himself involuntarily, 'About what are those little, inconsequential animals engaged?'

"The form of the metropolis, and the adjacent country, is most perfectly seen from the gallery at the foot of the lantern, on a bright summer day. The ascent to this gallery is by 534 steps, of which 260, nearest the bottom, are extremely easy; those above difficult, and in some parts dark and unpleasant. In the ascent to this gallery may be seen the brick cone that supports the lantern, with its ball and cross; the outer dome being turned on the outside of the cone, and the inner dome turned on the inside. The entire contrivance to produce the effect within the church, and on the outside, intended by the architect, is extremely fine, even marvellous. From the pavement of the church, the interior appears one uninterrupted dome to the upper extremity; but it consists, in fact, of two parts, the lower and principal dome having a large circular aperture at its top, through which is seen a small

dome, that appears part of the great and lower dome, although entirely separated from it, being turned also within the cone, but considerably above it. The timber work, which strengthens at once the outer dome and the cone within it, is an object that the stranger will do well to inspect. In a word, for the cost of *four-pence*, which, as we before observed, admits the visitor to the highest gallery, many hours may be passed in the contemplation of curious and pleasing objects.

“The crypts or vaults of St. Paul’s are silent, dreary mansions, lighted, at distant intervals, by grated prison-like windows, which afford partial gleams of light, strong intervals of shade intervening. The vast piers and immense arches divide the vaults into three avenues. The middle one under the dome is totally dark, and a portion of the north aisle, at the east end, is dedicated to St. Faith. It is used for no other purpose than interments, and the space is railed in. When the ancient church was finally destroyed, many monumental statues were broken to pieces, and the alabaster powdered to cement. A few escaped, and those are now preserved in the vaults of St. Faith.”

THE BANK.

Upon condition that £1,200,000 were advanced to the KING, (William III.) the subscribers were incorporated, and were formed into a trading company, called "THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND."—*Cobbett*.

THIS pandemonium of sainted Quakers, bearded Christ-killing Jews, and gambling jobbers, is situated near to Cornhill. This building is a very extensive stone edifice.

"The front is composed of a centre, eighty feet in length, of the Ionic order, on a rustic base; and two wings, ornamented with a colonnade. The back of the building, which is in Lothbury, is a high and heavy wall of stone, with a gateway for carriages into the bullion court.

"The principal entrance into the Bank is from Threadneedle Street. On the east side of the entrance is a passage leading to a spacious apartment called the *Rotunda*, where the infernal stock-brokers, stock-jobbers, and other persons meet for the purpose of transacting business in the public funds.

"Branching out of the Rotunda, are the *various offices* appropriated to the management of each particular stock; in each of these offices, under the several letters of the alphabet, are arranged the books in which the amount of every individual's interest in such a fund is registered.

"Here, from the hours of eleven to three, a crowd of eager *money dealers* assemble, and avidity of gain displays itself in a variety of shapes, truly ludicrous to the disinterested observer. The jostling and crowding of the jobbers to catch a bargain frequently exceed in disorder the scramble at the doors of the theatres; and so loud and clamorous at times are the mingled noise of buyers and sellers, that all distinction of sound is lost in a general uproar."

I entered the diabolical place, breathing denunciations and curses upon all the traffickers that resort to it, asking myself how and when such an unnatural abortion would be destroyed ; for destroyed it must be, or this nation is doomed to endure more misery and degradation than ever fell to the lot of any nation, modern or ancient. I therefore ardently wished for its destruction.

Many people imagine that this establishment is necessary to the existence of the nation, and that England without a bank, would be like a body without a soul, or a world without a sun ; as a company of merchants, trading in gold and silver, they might have been comparatively harmless in their effects on society ; but, when they made their place the mart of *usury* for the whole world, and extended their usurious dealings by the issue of bales of vile dirty paper, then they became obnoxious in themselves, and entitled to the anathemas of every lover of freedom and of the happiness of mankind.

LORD HOWICK, in a speech made in the HOUSE of COMMONS some time ago, on the currency question, repeated the cuckoo, PETER M'CULLOCH like observation, that he was for the prolongation of the paper system, because it was a *cheaper* currency than gold ! Now, my lord, you are a young man, and, as you are one of our legislators, destined to make laws for our better government, allow me to show you that your observation is quite characteristic of the old proverb of " a penny wise and a pound foolish : " and that, upon this great question, this foundation of all political

knowledge, your lordship is truly as unacquainted as your noble father, EARL GREY, *professed* himself to be. For the information then of both of you, allow me to show in what manner paper-money affects the interests of the community at large; or, rather, how it deducts from the labourer's wages and means of living. Mr. ATTWOOD, and the whole of the advocates for paper-money, expatiate largely on the benefits derived from the paper-money: they tell us of the increase of commerce, of agriculture, and of trade generally; but, they never show how it operates on the labourers of England; this I will undertake to do, and then we shall see the wisdom of the penny wise and pound foolish plan, which is to be preferred, it seems, because it is cheap.

Now, I would suppose that there exists in a country town a bank, and what is called a speculator; adjacent to the town resides a farmer, who has a particular crop, which he must sell on the next market day. The speculator, who has been speculating in the same article to a great extent, wishes, as it is natural, to buy up the stock of the farmer, but finding he has not the money wherewith to purchase it, he has recourse to the Bank, where he has credit and can borrow the necessary sum. The banker advances the money, and the crop is purchased by the speculator, who, of course, has to pay five per cent. to the banker, as interest for the money lent; he wishes also to get by his speculation twenty per cent.; he must therefore, when he sells it, sell it for five-and-twenty pounds per cent. *dearer*; and the labourer, who is the con-

sumer, has to pay that increased sum, beyond what he would have had to give the farmer, if the latter had sold it to him : and this is done, bear it in mind, when the wages of the labourer have not been raised twenty-five per cent., but have remained stationary. So that, in fact, every man who purchases any of this said article from the speculator, pays twenty-five per cent. more for it than he otherwise would have had to pay. And hence, from this same cursed system, springs up a hideous character, in the shape of a middle man, who adds nothing to the stock of the community, but lives upon the toils and labours, ay, and the very miseries of others. Thus, my LORDS HOWICK and GREY, does a cheap currency become dear, and that, which is a benefit to the idler and the banker, is a curse to all the other parts of the community. Talk not, then, my LORD HOWICK, of a cheap currency, nor build your ideas of finance upon the doctrines of the Ricardo lecturer, the poor Scotch PETER M'CULLOCH ; but, if you wish to excel, study *Paper against Gold*, and read the writings of Mr. COBBETT.

This Bank has hitherto, till very lately, been looked upon as immensely wealthy ; and as "*firm* as the Bank" was proverbial : but, now it is not a thing to excite surprise, when we hear even the solvency of the "Old Lady" called in question. I, too, say she is not solvent, although she is now paying in gold. For how stands the fact : in 1797 she stopped ; fairly and unequivocally stopped ; and from the consequences of this stoppage she was protected by various Acts of

Parliament, till 1823, a period of *twenty-six years*. She then “resumed cash payments,” as it was called, that is, began to pay her notes in gold. But, instead of paying *forty-six shillings*, principal and interest, as she ought to have done, she only paid *twenty*, which is not the interest. For, if I fail, and owe twenty shillings, and take twenty years to pay that amount in, and at the end of twenty years only pay twenty shillings, I only pay the *interest* that has grown due upon the original sum. So then, disregarding the operations of *compound interest*, the “Old Lady” ought to have begun paying in 1823, *forty-six shillings*, at least, for every note that was presented to her. And until she has done this to the amount she owed, when she stopped in 1797, I repeat she has not, as yet, paid even the interest of the debt, due in that celebrated year.

Curse then, say I, all banks and cheap currency, which, as Shakspeare has it,

“Keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.
Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them.”

ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Je tiens pour principes certains du bonheur qu'il faut préférer les avantages de la terre à tous ceux de la commerce !—*St. Pierre.*

Nor far from the Bank is the Royal Exchange, the description of which I copy from my "Guide."

" Before the year 1566, London had no public place for its merchants to assemble in to transact their commercial business ; but at this time, Sir Thomas Gresham, a wealthy merchant, resolved to supply the deficiency at his own expense. The City of London, however, purchased the ground ; and, in 1566, Sir Thomas began the building (which was then called *the Bourse*, and was of brick,) and he completed it in the following year.

" In 1570, it was visited in great state by Queen Elizabeth, who ordered it to be proclaimed *The Royal Exchange*. Sir Thomas, by his will, left this edifice to the City of London, and appointed the Company of Mercers its trustees, under certain conditions. Being destroyed in the fire of 1666, the present building, of Portland stone, was raised in its place, the first stone of which was laid by Charles II. in 1667, and his statue, in consequence, disgraces the centre of its quadrangle.

" The Royal Exchange is situated on the north side of Cornhill. It has two principal fronts, one in Cornhill, and the other in Threadneedle Street. The tower has a fane of copper, gilt, in the shape of a grasshopper, the crest of the founder. In the tower is an excellent clock, with four dials, which goes with chimes at three, six, nine, and twelve o'clock, playing upon eight bells.

" Each of the two fronts has a piazza, which gives a stately air to the building, and serves as a convenient covering from the sun and rain. In the centre of each front is a lofty gate, leading into a noble area, in which the merchants assemble This area is 144

feet by 117, and has a fine piazza, carried entirely round, with seats along the four walks, for merchants of different nations, who meet each at their different stations.

“ Within the piazza are twenty-eight niches, all vacant but that in which Sir Thomas Gresham’s statue is placed, in the north-west angle; and one in the south-west, where is placed the statue of Sir John Barnard, Magistrate of the City, and one of its representatives in Parliament.

“ The statues in the niches of the wall of the quadrangle, in the upper story, are those of Kings and Queens of England, beginning with Edward the First on the north side, and ending with his late Majesty on the east. As far as Charles the First they were executed by Gabriel Cibber.

“ A stair-case in the south front, and one in the north, lead to a gallery above, running round the whole building, and leading to various important establishments. In the original plan, shops were intended to fill the building to the top.

“ At present, the upper rooms are occupied by *Lloyd’s celebrated Subscription Coffee-house*, for the use of under-writers and merchants, by the *Royal Exchange Assurance Office*, and by various offices of underwriters and merchants.

“ Here are also some small apartments in which the *Gresham Lectures* are read, pursuant to the will of Sir Thomas Gresham, who bequeathed to the city and the Mercer’s Company all the profits arising from the Royal Exchange, and other premises in Cornhill, in trust to pay salaries to *four lecturers in divinity, astronomy, music, and geometry, and three readers in civil law, physics, and rhetoric*, who were to read lectures daily in term time.

“ The extent of the Royal Exchange is 203 feet by 171.

“ It is open as a thoroughfare from eight in the morning till six in the evening. The hours in which the business is chiefly transacted are from two to five, and the stranger will be well employed in visiting this interesting scene.”

This place, as the reader will have perceived, is the resort of all the merchants in London, and where the whole, or nearly the whole, of the commercial transactions of England are carried on. Now I am, unfortunately, one of those who think

that commerce is an evil, and far from being any benefit to this country, unless it be carried on in the good old-fashioned way, which is no way compatible with the doctrines of free trade, and the "enlightened views of Mr. HUSKISSON." I, however, would rather that no commerce whatever were in existence. It is true that this nation has been a commercial nation for ages, and the wealth of the English merchant has, in all parts of the world, become proverbial. This I am perfectly aware of; and as a further recommendation, I remember the pious FENELON makes MENTOR conduct TELEMACHUS to TYRE, for the purpose that that young prince should study the manner in which the commerce of that famous city was carried on; this too I am aware of, but such is the incorrigibility of my nature, I cannot help saying, "Perish commerce." And that I may not absolutely be considered a cynic, I will state the reasons which have led me to think commerce, as it is now carried on in England, under the enlightened operations of *free trade*, is a national curse. In doing this, however, I must first inquire how commerce arose.

When society was first formed, all men were farmers or cultivators of land; and commerce, therefore (I mean that traffic which is carried on by ships), must, I apprehend, owe its origin to chance or accident, and not to art or knowledge. Probably, a hollow tree, or mass of wood, floating on the surface of a river, suggested the thought of a boat: pleasure, and pleasure alone, most likely gave birth to navigation; and sudden winds,

stormy weather, rolling and troubled waves, wafted the rude bark, distant from its own, to that of some unknown land, and thus made sailors. Received, in such a case, with that hospitality which manifests itself in all lands, even the most barbarous and uncivilized, our first wrecked navigators are relieved from the horrors of hunger, and cherished and preserved in the land of strangers. Here they see habits and customs, animals, fowls, and fruits, of which previously they had no idea. Probably, the land, on the shores of which they are driven, is more or less advanced in science and civilization than their own; but, for simplicity sake, I will suppose the last. Now, our navigators, under such circumstances, must feel the want of all the comforts of their homes: although kindly treated and hospitably entertained, they still desire to return, almost forgetting the miseries of the past, and the securities of the present. They, therefore, by the assistance of their preservers, repair the frail vessel, and think of embarking afresh; but, before they go, they become merchants by bartering something of their own for something of the strangers. The same generosity displayed on their reception is shown most probably at their departure; and, before they leave the friendly shore, their little vessel is plentifully furnished with some portion of every thing necessary for their hazardous voyage, and useful to their friends and families at home. Thus equipped, they trust themselves once more upon the treacherous bosom of the deep; the course of the sun guides them by day, and the sparkling

stars probably by night ; for, in the clear firmament, one of our navigators may possibly observe some particular star, the twinkling of which he had watched many a time, amidst the serenity of his own native valley ; this, then, becomes their beacon, and bending their course in that direction, it proves a true one, for soon they see rising from the deep the whitened ridges of hills, ay, the happy hills, the bulwark of their native land. Unbounded pleasure beams in their eye, and joy unspeakable diffuses itself over their rude and weather-beaten countenances. All their toils and dangers are forgotten, buried in the happy receptions of their friends.

From this, or something like it, must have been the origin of commerce. The next voyage that our adventurous navigators or merchants take assumes a more extended form ; the boat becomes a vessel, and is stored with some of the overplus of their own produce, to exchange in barter for the produce of their foreign neighbours ; success attends this second enterprise, and commerce is established. Thus chance made commerce ; profit, and that spirit of adventure common to many men, secured its continuance.

In all this, however, natural and probable as it is, do you, Mr. HUSKISSON, with your enlightened and sound views, do you, Mr. HUSKISSON, discover any thing like your *free-trade* plan ? If you do not, your plan is in opposition to the natural one, and, generally, every deviation from nature is preposterous.

Our first merchants, Mr. HUSKISSON, carried on

their commerce in their own ships, that is, they sent their produce, and received the produce of their neighbours, in exchange, in the *same* ships ; and as long as they did this, they found their commerce beneficial to the nation. Upon this same principle were founded all those ancient laws, which regulated the navigation and commerce of this realm, and which, at the same time, secured the honour and renown of England. Mr. HUSKISSON says, that commerce ought to be mutually beneficial to all nations carrying it on. Now I say, first, that this is impossible ; and, secondly, that, if it were possible, it is impolitic. But admitting that mutual benefit is possible, I contend that *we* ought not to allow it to be beneficial to any one but ourselves. For, commerce is either good or bad ; if the latter, we ought to reject it altogether and keep foreigners from our shores ; but, if the former, the good ought to be solely monopolized by ourselves ; and, if this could not be secured by treaties, might should establish right, and what could not be effected peaceably, should be won at the cannon's mouth. Now, ex-secretary of the colonial department, this was the bold policy of our wise and valiant forefathers, whose laws on this subject you have taken so much pains to destroy ; this was their plan, at once indicative of their wisdom and their power. They did not consider whether that which was good for them ought to be equally enjoyed by their enemies : they asked only one question, which was, does such and such a thing make our neighbours more strong and thus more formidable to us ? and if they found that

that was likely, be the *time ever so remote*, they took immediate measures to prevent those neighbours from realizing any benefit from it.

Necessity, however, made this nation a commercial nation, inasmuch as it taught it that its national defence consisted in ships. It learned this lesson from the invasion of the ruthless Danes, and having found that out, the nation, in the reign of ALFRED the GREAT, made the first fleet in England. There were other reasons to determiné those virtuous men to fix on ships as the nation's defence. They looked upon the relative situation which this country bore to the other nations of which the two hemispheres are composed, and, in taking this review, they saw how comparatively insignificant this island was, with regard to its geographical dimensions, to the other nations of the world. This comparison convinced them, that the national power could not consist in soldiers, because the country itself was too small to admit of such a population as is necessary to supply the wants of victorious armies. There were too, the ports and the harbours, which the country naturally possessed as an island; and, above all, there was the noble timber that grew in abundance on its soil. Having found out the advantages of a navy, they did all in their power to encourage the growth of it at home, and to prevent any rivalry of it abroad. For this purpose they would not allow the existence of any commerce that was not carried on in British ships. All foreign commodities, come from where they might, were not suffered to enter any English port, but in English

ships. It is true that this policy increased the expense of the goods, which, constituted as society was then, the rich alone paid for. But, then, it prevented, to a considerable extent, the growth of any other maritime power, and, at the same time, secured the independence of England.

“Free trade” invariably creates a naval force; because it suggests to every nation, which is desirous of carrying it on, the economy of having ships of its own, in which to carry it on; in the same manner as a farmer, whose farm requires a great deal of ploughing, finds it cheaper to have a team of his own, than it would be to pay for the hire of his neighbour’s. But our ancestors took special care to prevent this, thinking, of course, that a military power was sufficient for any nation which found it to its interest to maintain one; and, further, that the chances of war would be against us, if the nation with which we had to contend, had both naval and military forces at their command. They, therefore, chose for their defence the broad-backed, brazen-faced sailor, and the wooden walls of Old England.

But, not so now; to gratify the hungry speculations of a few money-scraping monopolizing merchants, this sound policy has been abandoned, and you, Mr. Huskisson, have been the cause of the abandonment. I wish, therefore, for the destruction of such a commerce, because I am convinced that, unless it be destroyed, the interest and happiness of the nation will be sacrificed to the rapacity of the merchants and the luxurious indulgence of the people.

CATHOLIC CHAPEL, MOORFIELDS.

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pomp of prayer.—*Pope.*

I AM no Catholic, and probably never shall be; but in compliance with the wishes of friends I was induced to visit this place, and I candidly confess there is no other that I have seen during my *visit* that has given me greater or more unmixed satisfaction. I attended the forenoon mass, and on my arrival found the chapel very much crowded with, seemingly, very devout worshippers. The chapel is an oblong building with a circular roof, supported by pillars of cement. But that which arrested my attention, and principally occupied my mind, was the magnificent picture representing the crucifixion: it is painted behind the beautiful altar of white marble, and is, of itself, calculated to touch every body's heart that is imbued with any feeling of a religious tendency. The relentless animosity of the priests, and the cool indifference of the soldiers; the hideous distortions both in the countenances and limbs, exhibited by the two thieves, contrasted with the indescribable sorrow displayed in the women and the disciples, and with the dying resignation of the Saviour, are not among the least of the subjects of

this sublime painting, which is worthy of, and will in almost every instance excite, admiration. The services are performed by three priests; and the singing, which is the principal part of this mass, was very fine. I understand, however, that this is a sort of pious fraud for the purpose of attracting such people there as may have "itching ears." But I think such frauds perfectly unnecessary; the Catholic worship wants no such baits; the spotless piety of the priests, and the solemnity of the worship, are sufficient to induce the sensible to attend, and the rest are not worth attracting. It is not for me to justify all the forms and ceremonies of the worship of the Catholics, or to enter into a theological vindication either of the dogmas, or of the tenets, of their faith. But, as far as I have been made acquainted with the nature of their worship and their tenets, I do not hesitate to say, that they are both founded in reason and in sense. Their ceremonies have been called by the irreverend Protestants idle mummeries. Why so? Do we ever hear of people censuring the ceremonies used in the courts of Kings? Do we ever hear people calling in question the propriety of observing such ceremonies, as are invariably adopted upon approaching the thrones of earthly monarchs? I must confess I never did; and yet the King may be a nasty abominable and abandoned wretch, he may be a gluttonous VITELLIUS, a cruel NERO, a deistical JULIAN, or a bloody HARRY. If it be proper then to observe these ceremonies, and marks of profound respect to such beings as these, shall we call the solemn

ceremonies adopted by the Catholics, when they approach the God of the Universe ; shall we call them idle mummeries ? How preposterously unjust this is ! Besides, if I mistake not, they have Holy Writ to sanction them in the use of these ceremonies ; the priests' dresses, the burning of incense at the altar, the sprinkling of water, and many others. These were all established by the express directions of God himself, under the Mosaical dispensation ; nor did the new dispensation abolish them ; that dispensation only abolished such ceremonies as were typical of the coming and death of Christ, such as the sacrifice of bullocks and of rams ; these were abolished because they were fulfilled in the death of Christ, whose sacrifice, as the Scripture calls it, was "*far better* ;" but, in no part of the New Testament are the other ceremonies, established under Moses by the command of God, any way discountenanced, much less condemned. What, therefore, God commands let man obey. I leave these observations to the candid and the just to reflect upon, no way fearing the decision.

The Catholics have been censured by the free-thinking Protestants, for preventing the free circulation of the Scriptures. I have never conversed with any Catholic upon the *reason* of this, but I presume that which has met with the sanction of wise and pious men for centuries, cannot be founded in any thing unreasonable. Now I apprehend they deal with the Scriptures, which are the laws of God, as we do with the laws of man ; no one has the effrontery to say that every man shall

interpret, as *he pleases*, the laws of the land ; no one has the audacity to say this ; although these latter laws are written in the *vulgar* tongue, and originate from necessities and customs either *known to ourselves or to our forefathers* ; whereas, the laws of God were written in a tongue *generally unknown*, and detail many important truths, in *many cases*, wholly incompatible with the habits, customs, and manners, of the nations into whose language they may have been translated. No one, I repeat, has the effrontery to say, that the laws of the land are to be subject to the *private* interpretation of *every* man : no, we say that lawyers should argue and explain, and judges should interpret and decide ; if it were otherwise, what endless confusion would ensue ! While we allow this as to these, we are so unjust and unreasonable as to blame the Catholic priesthood for not allowing their flocks to form *private interpretations* of the laws of the great God. But it is untrue that the Catholic priest prevents the Scriptures from being read ; he does not do this ; but if any one want to read them, he gives them, written in the original languages, namely, *Greek* and *Latin*. Now, is not this all reasonable ? Undoubtedly so ; then let us be just. But, says the Protestant, your case is not properly stated : there is a great difference between the laws of God and those of man ; in the understanding of the *latter*, man is influenced only by his own mind, but the Spirit of God teaches him *properly to understand the Scriptures*. Say you so, divine Mr. PROTESTANT ; then there is no necessity for *parsons* ; the office

and duty of divines are unnecessary. For, if the *Spirit* do the important work, if *he* teach the meaning of the divine Book, Mr. PROTESTANT, you will hardly dare say that *man* can do it better. So, that upon one of these horns thou art thrown, either the priest without the Bible, or the Bible alone without the priest, but not both; and, all the mischievous effects of a multiplicity of creeds considered, I am for the priest. As to the ignorance, in which they are charged by the *learned* Protestants with having kept the people, that is almost too ridiculous to be noticed; especially when the *Universities* and *Colleges*, and all the *old schools*, all over the country, were built and endowed by the Catholics.

In the language of the law, the religion of our Catholic brethren is called idolatrous and damnable. How strange this is! A religion that has existed for *eighteen hundred* years; a religion in which our forefathers lived and died for nine hundred years; a religion which is professed by all the people of FRANCE, SPAIN, ITALY, and, in fact, by all the people of the old continent; a religion thus believed in by all these people; from the days of the apostles themselves, it is *strange* to say, that the law *compels* me to *swear*, that such a religion, sanctioned by the blood of martyrs, should be idolatrous and damnable! and, consequently, *all* the people of *all these nations*, from the days of the apostles to the present hour, are all gone to hell! To say the least of it, this is *strange* conduct on the part of the law, and rather irreconcilable to my poor common understanding.

In spite, however, of the harsh language of the law, if I were to have to *choose* a national religion, I should, unquestionably, prefer the Catholic, as being, in itself, essentially national and *pro bono publico*. DOCTOR DOYLE, the Catholic bishop, wants the DUKE of WELLINGTON to make the Catholic religion *more national*. I don't know what the DOCTOR means; for in my estimation it is national as it is, and every way suitable to the wants and conditions of all mankind. I therefore say, that I would prefer the Catholic religion, and I should be guided in my choice for the nation by the same reasons that I should, were I at liberty, choose for myself, because I am convinced that it is the best.

The uxorious Protestant takes special care, also, to condemn the *celibacy* of the Catholic priests, because, says the Protestant, it is against nature, and against Scripture. Now let us soberly examine this matter. Celibacy is objected to as being against nature! but, surely, this is a weak objection; for, if we are to condemn *this because* it is *against nature*, we ought to condemn the use of breeches, and the payment of taxes, church-rates, and tithes; for, most assuredly, all these are *against nature*. Nay, to be serious, we ought to reject civil society itself, for even that is unnatural. Besides, are the priests, who *voluntarily* enter into a state of celibacy, are they to be called unnatural for so doing, even when they do it on a religious score? Now, am I, who reside in the country, unmarried, and *choose* to live in the blessed state of singleness, am I to be called *unnatural* because I resist "the lusts of the flesh

that war against the Spirit?" 'Faith, if that be the case, I must encourage those pretty looks which I receive from the farmers', nay, even the justices', daughters, every Sunday. I must encourage this profanity, even in the House of God, lest I should be considered *unnatural*. Now, then, as to Scripture. I dare say the Catholics could find Scripture for this regulation, as easily as the woman, who, during the COMMONWEALTH, sacrificed her son as ABRAHAM did ISAAC. But I am no theologian, no doctor, and, therefore, I will not urge Scripture precept; but this I know, that every parson professes himself to be the *disciple* and *follower* of Christ. I know that; yet, Christ was not married. It is true he honoured matrimony with his presence, and performed his first miracle at it, but he did not marry himself; nor did the apostles either; all were unmarried excepting PETER, and ecclesiastical history informs us that even *he* left his wife when he became an apostle. The question, however, is not whether it is natural or scriptural, but which is best for the people, a married or unmarried clergy; that is the question; and I am induced to think the latter is the best. When a man, I mean a Protestant, takes upon himself the sacred duties of a priest, he vouches at the altar that he is called by the Holy Spirit to take the charge and cure of souls. Now, I say, if this same man be married, he cannot discharge this solemn undertaking, in some instances, at all; and in many, very imperfectly; his charities are stayed, or rather arrested, by the thought of "Charity begins at home;" and in

all cases, the wants of his family, both near and remote, present themselves at those very moments when his beneficence and kindness are most required, and thus blunt his practices of charity. The pious Dr. MILNER, however, strongly illustrates the advantages of an unmarried over a married clergy, in his famous controversy with Dr. STURGESS. It appears that, in the late war, there were a great number of prisoners taken, and brought to one of the hospitals at Winchester. There happened, however, to break out amongst them a fatal contagion; and being most of them Protestants, in the last agonies of expiring nature they desired that spiritual consolation which most dying men require; they accordingly sent for the clergy to attend them, but, now mark, *they refused to obey the necessitous call*. In their dying emergency, therefore, they solicited the religious aid of the Catholic priests, who attended them; and the consequence was, they all died Catholics. Dr. MILNER noticed this fact, in his writings against STURGESS, who answered it by saying, the Protestant clergy were just as ready to attend the dying sufferers as the Catholics were, but they were afraid, by so doing, that they would be the cause of carrying the contagion into the bosom of *their families*. This admission is enough, and this anecdote illustrates most forcibly the advantages of an unmarried clergy. How wise, therefore, were our forefathers, in establishing this salutary regulation; a regulation founded in charity, and which secured to the people a participation in those immense revenues

which now go to support the families of the clergy alone.

In conclusion, however, I must shortly notice what the *Epicurean* Protestant very frequently finds fault with, namely, the *fastings* of the Catholics. Now, this custom of fasting must have been adopted on a religious, or a political score; and, as far as I am concerned, I don't care which; but, be it one or the other, each indicates wisdom and great sagacity. If the custom were adopted upon a religious score, and in strict compliance with the injunctions of Holy Writ, I say it was indicative of wisdom, inasmuch as it must have tended, very materially, to destroy in the person fasting that want of reverence and volatility of character so incompatible to serious and religious worship. The Catholics regularly abstain from animal food every *Friday* and *Saturday*: now, let me appeal to the common understanding of my reader, whether this practice must not greatly tend to produce in such persons those reverential feelings so essential to the solemnities of the *Sunday*? At any rate, it must have a greater tendency to produce such feelings, than if the party had been feasting upon animal and other exciting food up to the Saturday night; nay, in many instances, among the fashionables, up to within a few hours of the Sunday. I think, however, that this salutary custom did not originate from religious motives, but from political ones; for, at the commencement of civil society, which soon followed in this country the introduction of the Catholic religion, domesticated animals, such

as sheep, pigs, and oxen, must have been scarce, and rather limited; imagine, then, how materially the fasting for two days, *at least*, in *every* week, by the people of a whole country; how materially that fasting must tend to the preservation and propagation of the beasts of the field on the one hand, and the wealth of the people on the other. So, then, in either point of view, the adoption of the custom was a proof of the wisdom of those old men, whom we are too apt to designate by the kind-hearted epithet of "*ignorant and superstitious*."

If, therefore, the rigid Protestant have *nothing* more objectionable to urge against the professors of the *ancient faith*, all I can say is, he stands no chance whatever against the Catholic; the latter vanquishes him completely, and will continue to do so, if reason be allowed to exercise her control, unbiassed by early impressions or the prejudices of education. For, it is against the *creed* of the Catholic, against the *dogmas of his religion*, that the Protestant hurls all his opposition; he does not dare say that the Catholic faith was not the *first Christian* faith believed in England; he dares not say that the people of England were not *first* indebted to a knowledge of Christianity from the Catholic; he cannot deny that the laws of England, the birthright of Englishmen, were formed and framed by Catholics; these things, therefore, the Protestant cannot deny, and therefore he objects to the *creed* and *dogmas* of the Catholic. I, a Protestant, have, however, vindicated some of these dogmas, and part of the

creed believed in by the Catholic, and I shall leave the Catholic to vindicate the whole of either the one or the other.

But before I conclude this article, I cannot help saying that I am no way surprised at the increase of the proselytes which the Catholics are daily making; for, I really consider, when we seriously inquire into the matter, that the increase of proselytes must be the natural consequence. And to illustrate this position, I will suppose a case. I will suppose a being sent into the world, immediately from the hands of his Maker; upon his arrival here, he is told by inspiration, that he *must* profess some religion; on his arrival, the priests of every persuasion endeavour to make him a proselyte; he cannot believe the creeds of them *all*, because they all differ essentially from one another; how then is he to act? He must proceed in endeavouring to ascertain which is the truest; and I know of no way other than by putting to the candidates collectively, who wish to gain him to their numbers, the following questions, namely:

Which faith is the *oldest* ?

Which has the *most* professors ?

Which does the *most good* ? and, finally,

Which has had the *most martyrs* ?

These questions are such as must be put by every sincere and honest-hearted man, who may wish to be right in his choice; and all I can say is, that to the *whole* of these questions, no sect but the Catholic can answer in the affirmative, and therefore, such a being, under such circum-

stances, must become a Catholic. For the Catholic faith is the oldest, having existed for nearly *eighteen hundred* years ; it has the most proselytes, having all FRANCE, all SPAIN, all ITALY, all, or the greater part of GERMANY, all RUSSIA, all SOUTH AMERICA, nearly all IRELAND, and a great portion of ENGLAND and SCOTLAND ; it does the most good, inasmuch as the revenues collected by its priests are principally spent in works of charity, and among the poor of its communion ; and it has had the most martyrs, because the whole army of martyrs have, with very few exceptions, been Catholics. This is notoriously true, corroborated by all histories, not excepting even the falsely fabricated "Acts and Monuments" of Fox.

THESE RESULTS ARE IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE
FINDINGS OF THE STUDY BY THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF
SCIENCES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

[illegible]

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such members, the attention of whom their business required. I, however, was anxious to see no member, and consequently my mind began to ruminate upon past events; upon the wise and the foolish, the good and the wicked men, who had trod those boards for centuries: then came in array before me, the crafty and subtle CECIL; the talented BOLINGBROKE; the corrupt and unprincipled WALPOLE; the CICERO PITT; the DEMOSTHENES FOX; the "*incapable*" HAWKESBURY; the sanguinary and hard-hearted CASTLEREAGH; the timid ROBINSON; and the bullying and jesting CANNING. But among the group there was one, whose person and figure presented themselves strongly upon my imagination; and connected with him, I fancied I saw a poor care-worn commoner leaning against one of the pillars, with his arms folded over his breast, and with one hand in his bosom. He was dressed in shabby black, his coat buttoned fully up, his hat carelessly worn, and his face marked with woe; but in his whole mien there appeared to be a great firmness of character; and although his eye rolled about, he every now and then fixed it keenly upon some one or other of the passing members. At last a short man entered, and immediately a glow of warmth rushed into the woe-worn stranger's face; he advanced a little, with a firm step, and drawing his hand (in which he held a pistol) from his breast, he fired, and PERCEVAL fell! The stranger was BELLINGHAM! I did not see this, but only thought I did; my imagination was, however, happily soon stopped in its excursions, by the announcement of the SPEAKER's approach, and

"*Hats off, gentlemen.*" The Speaker enters the House preceded by the SERJEANT at ARMS, bearing the mace. The Speaker is dressed in a flowing wig and a black silk lawyer-like gown, the train of which is borne by the Clerks of the House, who are followed by the Speaker's Chaplain. This cavalcade having passed, I left the lobby for the gallery, where I was refused admission till the Speaker had said *his prayers*, which it appears he does every evening, or rather his Chaplain does it for him. This *necessary* ceremony over, I entered the gallery, and getting a front seat, had an opportunity of seeing the whole, or nearly the whole, of the interior of the House. Gracious Heaven! what a sight! But I dare not describe; were I at liberty to say what I choose upon this subject, were the law above alluded to not so imperative, and really so penal in its enactments, and were I free to utter even ordinary expressions in my descriptions; nay, if I dared to call in *truth*, and she, fair goddess, were to guide my pen on this occasion, I would say without fear that a more ill-thriven set, a more "bilious crew," as the member for Clare said they were, never assembled together; some bearded, others beardless; some dressed for the chase, others for the ball; some sneezing and coughing, others talking and laughing; some actually sleeping, others eating and drinking; in fact, less of reverence and senatorial dignity could scarcely be imagined, if it had been a parliament of grinning apes. "These," I should have said, were I at liberty, "are not the law-makers of England;" but,

then, I should have remembered the wise resolutions that this House had passed; then I should have remembered the proofs of wisdom, that escaped, from time to time, the lips of its members; then I should have remembered their famous resolution, that a worthless rag and a shilling were worth a good old guinea, when that guinea was sold at the same time for seven-and-twenty shillings; then I should have remembered the law which makes political writers, under severe penalties, write by the square inch; then I should have thought of Mr. MADDOCK's motion, charging LORD CASTLEREAGH and PERCEVAL with *seat selling*, when, on that occasion, they declared that the treasonable practice was as notorious as the sun, and when LORD MILTON was reported to have said, he *thought no worse of the NOBLE LORD and HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN*: then, I say, I should have remembered these sayings and doings of the honourable and right honourable gentlemen, and my scepticism would have vanished in a moment, and I should have been fully convinced that the men before me were none other than the *law-makers of England!* Business commenced by the Speaker's reading from a paper the titles of various private bills, sometimes following his reading with "that this bill do pass, that this bill be read a third time to-morrow," and so on with the second or first reading of each bill. Then from the same paper he called upon such members as had petitions to present; when these were read and received, and a little said upon some, and nothing upon others, the Speaker read the order for the day, that is, the

business which was to be settled or discussed that night. The order was, "that the House resolve itself into a committee of supply." It is a custom, upon a motion of supply, for any member to *say any thing*; according to this good custom, SIR JAMES MACINTOSH took that opportunity of talking for a long while upon the policy of government relative to PORTUGAL. He complained that this government had acknowledged the blockade of OPORTO; he called DON MIGUEL a treacherous, false man, a tyrant and usurper, and many other hard and harsh names; and blamed, in a wholesale way, the conduct of government for not interfering and driving MIGUEL from the throne: in fact, he did every thing he could to urge the government to make war against PORTUGAL. PEEL answered him, and put the BARONET down. It would not have been an answer to me, but it was an effectual one to SIR JAMES. However, I will not notice PEEL's speech upon this occasion, but will say something upon the other. Now, SIR JAMES, granting that you were right, and that we ought to insist upon the establishment of the Portuguese constitution, that we ought to hurl the young usurper from the throne of his brother; admitting this was all right, SIR JAMES, and that we ought to go to war for this purpose; now admitting all this, *where* would you, SIR JAMES, get the *money*? For unless you can find the money, SIR JAMES, you may utter your nasty Scotch slang to doomsday without producing any effect, other than the sneers of your sensible auditors. Tell Mr. PEEL how to get the money, SIR JAMES; if

you can do *that*, the DUKE would soon make you chancellor of the exchequer, and then we should have a "*feelosophicul*" financier, with a witness to it.

The historical description of this renowned seat of the omnipotent parliament, I insert from my "Guide," which is as follows :—

"The HOUSE of COMMONS was formerly a chapel, originally built by King Stephen, and dedicated to St. Stephen. It was rebuilt in 1347, by Edward III. and erected by that monarch into a collegiate church, under the government of a dean and twelve secular priests.

"Being surrendered to Edward VI. he gave it to the Commons for their sittings, to which use it has ever since been applied, and in it have been carried on all those proceedings and debates which make so striking a figure in our history.

"The old house was formed within the chapel, chiefly by a floor raised above the pavement, and an inner roof, considerably below the ancient one. On the Union, the house was enlarged, by taking down the entire side walls, except the buttresses that supported the original roof; and erecting others beyond, so as to give one seat in each of the recesses thus formed, by throwing back part of the walls.

"The present house is still too small, but in all other respects it is peculiarly well adapted to its use, and it is fitted up in a very good style. A handsome gallery runs along the west end, and the north and south sides, supported by slender iron pillars, crowned with gilt Corinthian capitals. The whole of the house is lined with brown and well-polished wainscot.

"The Speaker's ancient chair stands at some distance from the wall, at the upper end of the room; it is slightly ornamented with gilding, with the king's arms at the top. The Speaker is usually dressed in a long black silk gown, with a full-bottomed wig. On occasions of state he wears a robe, similar to the state robe of the Lord Chancellor. Before him, with a small interval, is a table, at which sit three Clerks of the House, whose business it is to make minutes of the proceedings of the House, read the titles of bills in their several stages, hand them to the Speaker, &c.

"On this table, in front, the Speaker's mace always lies, when the

House is sitting; except when the House is in a committee, and then it is placed under the table, and the Speaker leaves the chair, there being a perpetual chairman to the committee of the whole House.

“ In the centre of the room, between the table and the bar, is an area, in which a temporary bar is placed, where witnesses are examined. The members' seats occupy each side, and both ends of the room, with the exception of the passages. There are five rows of seats, rising above each other, with short backs and green morocco cushions.

“ The seat on the floor, on the Speaker's right hand, is that which is called the *Treasury Bench*, on which the chief members of the administration usually sit; and the opposite seat is usually occupied by the leading members of *Opposition*. No member has any particular seat, except the members for the city of London, who have a right to sit on the Speaker's right hand, a privilege which they seldom use, except on the first day of the parliament, to keep up their claim. The speaker sits with his hat on, except on particular occasions. All the members must be seated except he who is addressing the chair, but they wear their hats on or not at pleasure, except when speaking. The gallery on each side is also reserved for members.

“ This chapel, as finished by Edward III., was of such perfect beauty of the kind, that we must deeply lament its being defaced in the first instance, when the old house was formed out of it; and recently in a greater degree, when the walls were almost wholly taken down. At the time when the inner walls were unmasked, by removing the wainscot to make the late alterations, a great part of the ancient decorations remained. The interior of the walls and roof of this chapel were curiously wrought, and ornamented with a profusion of gildings and paintings. It appears to have been divided into compartments, of Gothic shapes, but not inelegant; each having a border of small gilt roses, and the recesses covered with paintings. At the east end, including about a third of the length of the chapel, (which part had many tokens of being enclosed for the altar) the entire walls and roof were covered with gilding and paintings; and presented, in the mutilated state in which they were seen during the late alterations, a superb and beautiful remnant of the fine arts, as they were patronized in the magnificent reign of Edward III. The gilding was

remarkably solid, and highly burnished, and the colours of the paintings vivid, both one and the other being as fresh as in the year they were executed. One of the paintings had some merit, even in the composition; the subject was, the adoration of the Shepherds, and the Virgin was not devoid of beauty or dignity.

"The west front of this chapel is still to be seen, and has a fine Gothic window. Between this and the lobby of the house is a small vestibule, in the Gothic style, but extremely beautiful.

"Beneath the house, in passages or apartments, appropriated to various uses, are considerable remains, in great perfection, of an under chapel, of curious workmanship; and the entire side of a cloister, the roof of which is not surpassed in beauty by Henry the Seventh's chapel. A small court of the palace is also left entire; and is, with its buildings, part of the dwelling of the Speaker of the House of Commons. Between the house and the river is a garden belonging to the Speaker.

"Adjoining to Westminster Hall and the houses of parliament, is a recent building of stone, plain but respectable, containing a variety of committee-rooms and offices belonging to the House of Commons; and some buildings have lately been erected on the south-side of New Palace Yard, in a Gothic style, little corresponding with the adjoining stone buildings, and which consists of offices and houses for the persons belonging to the House of Commons.

"The house may be viewed by strangers at any time, and access to the gallery obtained during the sitting either by the introduction or order of a member, or by a *douceur* of three shillings to the door-keeper. But on extraordinary occasions it is necessary for strangers to be at the house as early as ten or twelve o'clock. No ladies are admitted into the house during its sittings."

This is the sketch given by my "Guide," to which I will just add, how singular it is, that even this *Parliament House* had its origin in the "dark ages," as Lawyer BROUGHAM calls them. I wonder, considering in what contempt they hold the "dark ages," that there was not a new Parliament House; we see, or rather, during my *visit*, I have seen, that one *new* palace is pulled down to help

build another; now, these examples of imitation before the "wise and honourable Gentlemen," I really am surprised that St. STEPHEN's old chapel has not been demolished altogether, and a "new and improved" Parliament House erected, to form "the envy of surrounding buildings, and the admiration of the *British empire!*"

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Relic of noble days, and noblest arts!
Despoil'd, yet perfect.—*Childe Harold.*

HOWEVER lively and buoyant my feelings may be, I never enter a cathedral nor tread among the mouldering ruins of a monastery, but I am instantly solemnised, and my mind fills with the most reverential feelings. After seeing the magnificent MINSTER at YORK, the ABBEY of WESTMINSTER is comparatively uninteresting; but still to a mind constructed as mine is, even this dingy edifice has its charms of romance, and reminds one of the ancient legend, the chivalry and piety of past days, and, above all, the happiness of a people, in comparison of whom, as to solid wealth and real freedom, this nation is a nation of slaves and beggars. Start not, thou affected, puny wretch, thou who thinkest that ancient days were days of barbarity, and ancient piety the reign of ignorance and superstition. Start not, I say, at my declaration, for in comparison of them we are degenerate and base, having nothing more to celebrate but the effeminacy of our sentiments, the luxury of our habits, and the cowardice of our characters. Possessed of these, we wish to conceal our own degradation by throwing the veil of obscurity over the glorious deeds of our fathers.

The description given of this noble edifice in

my "Guide" is pretty accurate, and therefore I will give the extract in full.

"This interesting edifice derives its name of Westminster Abbey from its situation in the western parts of the town, and its original destination as the church of a monastery. It was founded by Sebert, king of the East Saxons; but being after destroyed by the Danes, it was rebuilt by King Edgar in 958. Edward the Confessor again rebuilt the church in 1065; and Pope Nicholas II. constituted it a place of inauguration of the kings of England. The monastery was surrendered by the abbots and monks to Henry VIII. who at first converted the establishment into a college of secular canons, under the government of a dean, and afterwards into a cathedral, of which the county of Middlesex (with the exception of the parish of Fulham, belonging to the Bishop of London) was the diocese. Edward VI. dissolved the see, and restored the college, which was converted by Mary into its original establishment of an abbey. Elizabeth dissolved that institution in 1560, and founded the present establishment, which is a college consisting of a dean, twelve secular canons, and thirty petty canons; to which is attached a school of forty boys, denominated the Queen's or King's Scholars, with a master and usher; and also twelve almshouses, an organist, and choristers.

"The present church was built by Henry III. and his successors, with the exception of the two ugly towers at the western entrance, which are the work of Sir Christopher Wren. The length of the church is 360 feet, the breadth of the nave 72 feet, and the cross aisle 195 feet. If wholly disencumbered of the buildings which, on the south and east, are close to it, the outside of this edifice would present a noble aspect; yet, it cannot be called beautiful, even in the Gothic style, being wholly devoid of that unrivalled lightness, by which many stupendous Gothic structures in different parts of England are distinguished. The great gate on the northern side, now shut up, has a very fine effect, but falls short of the degree of magnificence and beauty ascribed to it.

"The roof of the nave of this church, and of the cross aisle, are supported by two rows of arches, one above the other, each of the pillars of which is a union of one ponderous round pillar, and four of a similar form, but extremely slender. These aisles being ex-

tremely lofty, and one of the small pillars continued throughout, from the base to the roof, they produce an idea that is uncommonly grand and awful.

"The choir is one of the most beautiful in Europe. It is divided from the western part of the great aisle by a pair of noble iron gates, and terminates at the east by an elegant altar of white marble. The altar is enclosed with a very fine ballustrade, and in the centre of its floor is a large square of curious *mosaic work*, of porphyry, and other stones of various colours. In this choir, near the altar, is performed the ceremony of crowning the kings and queens of England.

"The interest of the interior of this church is greatly increased by a series of monuments. The best are the productions of Roubilliac and Bacon. The mechanical execution of the former artist is accurate and spirited, but his designs are not always suited to the occasion. The monument erected to the memory of Lady Elizabeth Nightingale and her husband has immortalised the fame of Roubilliac.

"At the southern extremity of the cross aisle are erected monuments to the memory of several of our eminent poets. This interesting spot is called *Poets' Corner*; and never could place be named with more propriety; for here are to be found the names of Chaucer, Spencer, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Butler, Thomson, Gay, Goldsmith, Addison, Samuel Johnson, &c. Here also, as if this spot was dedicated to genius of the highest rank, are the tombs of Handel, Chambers, and Garrick.

"In the south aisle, some of the more remarkable monuments are those of Dr. Watts, W. Hargrave, Esq., Captain James Cornwall, &c. At the west end of the Abbey are those of Sir Godfrey Kneller, Dr. Mead, Sir Charles Wager, the Earl of Chatham, &c. On the north side of the entrance into the choir is the monument of Sir Isaac Newton, and not far from it is that of Earl Stanhope.

"Near the great gates, and opposite the tomb of the Earl of Chatham, about 12 feet from each other, lie the remains of those two great political rivals, Charles James Fox and William Pitt. Lord Mansfield's monument is erected beneath one of the lofty arches of the abbey at the northern end of the cross aisle. Lord Mansfield is represented in judge's robes, sitting on the seat of justice, holding in his left hand a scroll of parchment, with his right

hand resting on his knee, and having his left foot a little advanced. The seat of justice is placed on a circular elevation of peculiar elegance. The figure is taken from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is executed with singular spirit and judgment, by Flaxman.

“ Over the western entrance stands a monument to the last William Pitt, not very admirable for its design, and however executed, too remote from the eye, and in too bad a light to be viewed with distinctness; on its right another monument, by Flaxman, to the memory of Captain Montagu, is more worthy of the arts and of this grand mausoleum.

CURIOSITIES OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

“ These consist of eleven highly interesting chapels, at the eastern end of the church, with their tombs. The usual entrance to them is by an iron gate, at the south-east corner of the church; within which a verger always attends to show them to strangers.

Edward the Confessor's Chapel.

“ Immediately behind the altar of the church stands a chapel dedicated to Edward the Confessor, upon an elevated floor, to which there is a flight of steps on the northern side. The shrine of the Confessor, which stands in the centre, was erected by Henry III. and was curiously ornamented with mosaic work of coloured stones, which have been picked away in every part within reach. Within the shrine is a chest containing the ashes of the Confessor. The frieze, representing the history of the Confessor from his birth to his death, put up in the time of Henry III., is highly curious, and deserves the study and attention of every lover of antiquity.

“ The tomb of Henry III. is in the same chapel; it has been extremely splendid, but is now mutilated and most infamously destroyed by breaking away the inlaid parts. The table on which lies the king's effigy in brass is supported by four twisted pillars, enamelled with gilt. This tomb, which is a fine specimen of its kind, is almost entire on the side next the area.

“ This chapel contains also the tombs of Edward I. and his

Queen Eleanor; of Edward III. and Queen Philippa; of Richard II. and his queen; of Margaret, daughter of King Edward IV.; of King Henry V.; and of Elizabeth, daughter of King Henry VII.

"The grand monument of Henry V. is inclosed by an iron gate. The great arch over the tomb is full of ribs and pannels, and the headless figure of Henry still remains: the head was of solid silver, but stolen during the civil wars. There was a chantry directly over the tomb, which had an altar-piece of fine carved work. The armour of Henry once hung round this chantry; his helmet yet remains on the bar, and the very saddle which he rode at the battle of Agincourt, stripped of every thing which composed it, except the wood and iron, hangs on the right.

"In this chapel are kept several models of churches well worth inspecting, but far above the others is Sir Christopher Wren's for erecting a tower and spire on the abbey. Another is that of St. John's, Westminster; and a third, St. Mary's in the Strand. There are eleven others, but of those there is no account. All of them are beautifully executed both within and without.

"In the Confessor's chapel are kept the chairs in which the kings and queens of England are crowned. In one is enclosed, forming its seat, the very stone on which the ancient kings of Scotland used to be crowned, and which was brought from Scone, in Scotland, by Edward I.

"Here are also some fac-simile models in wax of kings and queens of England, together with Lord Chatham, Lord Nelson, &c.

Nine Chapels dedicated to various Saints.

"Round these two chapels, separated from them by an area, are nine more, dedicated respectively to St. Benedict, St. Edmond, St. Nicholas, St. Paul, St. Erasmus, St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist, St. Michael, and St. Andrew, in which are a variety of tombs erected to the memory of distinguished persons. The three last-named chapels have been made into one.

"In the area, opposite to the chapel of St. Benedict, is an old monument of wood, erected to the memory of Sebert, King of the East Saxons, who built the first church on this site.

Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

“Contiguous to the eastern extremity of the church, and opening into it, stands the famous chapel of Henry VII. dedicated to the Virgin Mary, *one of the finest and most highly-finished pieces of Gothic architecture in the world.* On its site formerly stood a chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and also a tavern, distinguished by the sign of the White Rose. Henry, resolving to erect a superb mausoleum for himself and his family, pulled down the old chapel and tavern; and on the 11th of February, 1503, the first stone of the present edifice was laid by Abbot Islip, at the command of the King. It cost 14,000*l.* a prodigious sum for that period (equal to 280,000*l.* of our money): and still more so considering the parsimonious temper of the King. The labour merely of working the materials will, at a glance, be seen to be immense, and almost incredible; and the genius employed both in this structure and Henry's tomb, must be mentioned with admiration.

“The exterior of this chapel is remarkable for the richness and variety of its form, occasioned chiefly by 14 towers, in an elegant proportion to the body of the edifice, and projecting in different angles from the outermost wall. It has lately been repaired and renewed with exquisite taste, and at great cost. The inside is approached by the area behind the chapels of Edward the Confessor and Henry V.

“The floor is elevated above that of the area, and the ascent is by a flight of marble steps. The entrance is ornamented with a beautiful Gothic portico of stone, within which are three large gates of gilt brass, of most curious open workmanship, every pannel being adorned with a rose and a portcullis alternately.

“The chapel consists of the nave and two small aisles. The centre is 99 feet in length, 66 in breadth, and 54 in height, and terminates at the east in a curve, having five deep recesses of the same form. The entrance to these recesses being by open arches, they add greatly to the relief and beauty of the building. It is probable they were originally so many smaller chapels, destined to various uses. The side aisles are in a just proportion to the centre, with which they communicate by four arches, turned on

Gothic pillars. Each of them is relieved by four recesses, a window running the whole height of each recess, and being most minute and curious in its divisions. The upper part of the nave has its four windows on each side, and ten at the eastern extremity, five above and five below. The entire roof of the chapel, including the side aisles, and the curve at the end, is of wrought stone, in the Gothic style, and of most exquisite beauty.

"An altar tomb, erected by Henry, at the cost of 10,000*l.* to receive his last remains, stands in the centre of the chapel. It is of a basaltic stone, ornamented with gilt brass, and is surrounded with a magnificent railing of the same. This monument is by Pietro Torregiano, a Florentine sculptor, and possesses uncommon merit. Six devices in bas-relief, and four statues, all of gilt brass, adorn the tomb.

"It is impossible to conceive Gothic beauty of a higher degree than the whole of the interior of Henry the Seventh's chapel; *and it is with regret that the antiquary sees the stalls of the knights reared against the pillars and arches of the nave, forming screens that separate the smaller aisles from the body of the chapel, and diminish the airiness, and interrupt the harmony of the plan.*

"In this chapel are the tombs of Lewis, Duke of Richmond, and his lady, and of the infant Esme, Duke of Richmond. Here is also the preposterous monument of *George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham*, who was stabbed by Felton; and one to the memory of *John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire*, by Sheemakers, the sarcophagus of which is the handsomest in the abbey.

"This chapel is the station of the Knights of the Military and most noble Order of the Bath. Here they are installed, and here their banners are hung up. Their numbers were formerly 36, besides the Sovereign; but in 1815 his Royal Highness the Prince Regent being desirous of marking, in an especial manner, his sense of the eminent services of the British army and navy during the late wars, was pleased to direct that a considerable augmentation should take place in the number of the Knights of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath; and it was, in consequence, ordained by statute, dated January 2, 1815, that the Order should in future be divided into three classes:—the first class to consist of sixty military and twelve civil Knights, to be styled *Knights Grand Crosses of the Order of the Bath*:—the second class to

consist of one hundred and eighty military Knights, exclusive of ten foreign Knights in the British service, and fifteen Knights, officers in the East India Company's army, to be styled *Knights Commanders of the Order of the Bath*:—the third class to consist of an unlimited number of subordinate officers in the British army and navy, to be styled *Companions of the Order of the Bath*.

“In the north aisle is the tomb of *Queen Elizabeth*, and in the south aisle the magnificent monument of *Mary, Queen of Scots*; the tomb of *Margaret Tudor*, mother of Henry VII., with her effigy, of brass, gilt, is without exception one of the best figures in the abbey.

“Every lover of the arts must long have lamented to see this beautiful relic falling to decay; but Parliament has lately made annual grants of about two thousand a year to repair it, and an ingenious artist is proceeding slowly but judiciously with the renovation. It is calculated that the necessary repairs of Henry VIII's chapel will cost 14,000*l.* and the ornamental 10,000*l.*

“The prices for seeing the curiosities are *one shilling* as far as the Confessor's chapel, and *ninepence* for the other objects.

Cloisters, Chapter-House, and other Remains.

“The cloisters of this foundation remain entire. They are on the south side of the church, from which there is a door leading to them, and have several monuments, some ancient, and others modern. From the cloisters is an entrance into the chapter-house, through a fine Gothic portal, the ornaments of which are carved with most rare elegance. It is an octagon, and its original form was very lofty, with a pillar rising from the centre of the floor to support the roof, and having arches springing from the walls of each angle, and meeting at the top of the pillar. If we suppose this room to have been decorated with painted windows, and other Gothic ornaments, it must have produced a surprising effect. At present, only part of the central pillar (of great beauty) is remaining, and the whole building is disguised by an entire new room, several galleries being made to contain the records of the crown, which are now deposited here.

“The celebrated *Doomsday Book* is kept at this place. It is

comprised in two volumes, one a large folio, the other a quarto; the first begins with Kent, and ends with Lincolnshire, is written on three hundred and eighty-two double pages of vellum, in one and the same hand, in a small but plain character, each page having a double column, and contains thirty-one counties. The quarto volume is on four hundred and fifty double pages of vellum, but in a single column, and in a large fair character, and contains the counties of Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk. This record is in high preservation, the words being as legible as when first written, though so long since as 1086. The records of the Star Chamber proceedings are deposited here. All the records are labelled, and arranged in excellent order.

"In 1377, the Commons of Great Britain first held their parliaments in this building; in 1547, Edward VI. gave them the chapel of St. Stephen. Beneath the chapter-house is a curious crypt, which is now seldom visited.

"To the west of the abbey stood the sanctuary; and on the south side was the eleemosynary, or almonry, where the alms of the abbot were distributed. The almonry is the spot on which was erected the *first printing-press in England*. In 1474, *William Caxton printed the Game and Play of Chess*, the first book printed in this country."

Amongst these various objects of curiosity, the most interesting to me was Henry the Seventh's chapel. It is so truly magnificent, and displays so much of genius and taste in the workmanship of every part of it, even the most minute, that the beholder is struck with admiration at the sight. The roof of this chapel is unparalleled in beauty and execution; and, in fact, every part of it presents the finest possible specimens of architecture. If, however, a man could feel resentment among so many relics of renowned and illustrious characters, that feeling might be justly and properly entertained, upon seeing this beautiful and magnificent chapel disfigured by the paltry-looking,

heraldic exhibition of the banners of the knights of the Bath. Here nothing should be concealed ; for all is worthy of sight, and will bear the minutest investigation ; and, I say, detestable is that taste, which could suggest the preposterous disfigurement that has taken place in the erection of screens of oak board against the pillars that support the roof, and which separated the smaller aisles from the body of the chapel. I say detestable must be that taste that could suggest such a disfigurement ; and nothing will ever calm my resentment, until a corps of sturdy Irishmen be sent, with axes and mallets, to demolish the screens and pull down the banners that hang over them ; and if there be *no place more fit*, in which to replace them, why kick them both to the d—l.

I cannot leave this chapel without shortly noticing the scurrilous abuse heaped upon the founder of it, HENRY the SEVENTH. By most of the lying historians he has been called a mean king, a parsimonious king, and many other epithets equally opprobrious ; but the erection of this magnificent chapel does not argue much of parsimony or meanness ; at any rate, he was only parsimonious over his *own*, the revenues arising from his *own lands* ; nor did he get rich by the taxes or the burdens of his happy people. He was in fact a good and wise prince, setting, in all things, an example honourable to himself and worthy of the imitation of his subjects, preferring and studying the interests of his *subjects at large* before either that of the clergy or the aristocracy.

The next object that attracted my attention

and excited my veneration was EDWARD the CONFESSOR's chapel, containing so many honourable relics of antiquity : the tombs of EDWARD the FIRST and THIRD, together with the *very sword* and *shield* which the latter renowned king wore in battle ; the sword is *eight feet* long, and the shield broad, and when covered with iron must have been most ponderous. Mem. What sort of men were they that lived in those ancient days ? Ask the mustachioed and high-heeled gentry this question ; and ask them too, how they would like to fight all day with a well-tempered sword eight feet long ?

Here too are to be seen the effigy of HENRY the FIFTH ; and over one of the arches of this chapel are still hanging the very saddle upon which he rode, and the helmet he wore, at the celebrated battle of AGINCOURT. How quick and instantaneous is thought. I attempted to reflect upon either of these two victories which these relics brought fresh to my mind, namely, CRESSY and AGINCOURT ; but the remains which inspired me with the reflections were so close to each other, I could not help, in a great measure, connecting the circumstances of both, and thus produced a confusion of mind no way compatible to a wish that I entertained, to call to my memory the glorious particulars of each ; I therefore requested the Verger, who had accompanied me through the Abbey, to allow me to remain in this chapel for a few minutes by myself, to which he politely consented. I therefore sat myself down in one of the chairs in which the kings of Eng-

land are crowned. On my left were the shield and sword of the valiant King EDWARD the THIRD: I then began to think of CRESSY. The gloominess of the Abbey, the majesty of its columns, the length of its fretted aisles, and the solemn silence that reigned around me, contributed not a little to inspire me with suitable feelings. I thought I saw the village of CRESSY in the vale; the beautiful river which glides through the fertile valley was brightened by the setting sun; the foliage of the trees were spangled by his rays, which were also reflected upon the bright spears, the helmets, the shields, and the armour, of the martial combatants. EDWARD's loud voice is heard echoing through the camp, and the three divisions of the army are made. The valiant young Prince EDWARD, clad in black, is seen at the head of the first; the NOBLE EARLS of ARUNDEL and NORTHAMPTON take the second; and the KING, as a body of reserve, commands the third. On the gentle declivity of a hill stand our brave countrymen; in their ranks not a word is heard, all in breathless anxiety to begin. Down in the vale, and more upon the skirts of CRESSY's village, the French army are seen; there rides the resentful PHILIP, in company with the brave ALENÇON; foremost issue fifteen thousand Genoese cross-bowmen, jaded and fatigued, supplicating for a little rest; the prayer is refused, and at the command and reproaches of ALENÇON they let fly amidst a sudden shower of rain; but their arrows drop harmless. Now advance our famous archers, and taking their bows from the cases in which they had been

placed during the shower, the arrows hiss through the air, and reach the enemy with such good aim, that nothing but dismay and terror are felt in their ranks. At this moment steps forth the sable Prince, rushes into the midst of the enemy, and hews down all before him. In vain does ALENÇON endeavour to resist his impetuosity; aided by LORDS NORTHAMPTON and ARUNDEL, the boy Prince is seen foremost in every shock, contending with astonishing valour amidst the bravest of the brave. His valour excites surprise and admiration among his friends, dread and consternation among his enemies. On the summit of the hill I see the windmill from which the King, with seeming tranquillity, is viewing the sanguinary conflict in the vale; the over-earnest and solicitous friends of the Prince are before him, soliciting fresh succour. I listen, and I hear the dialogue:

The KING.—Is the Prince alive?

COURTIERS.—Yes, may it please your majesty, and astounding even veterans by his consummate bravery.

The KING.—Tell him, then, that he shall have no assistance from me, the honour of this day shall be his; let him prove himself worthy of the profession of arms, and let him be indebted to his own merit alone for victory.

Shouts and acclamations follow the speech, and the messengers return to the conflicting scene. Here stands the Prince bleeding, his fine forehead and his black hair drenched with perspiration; and, leaning one hand upon his trusty sword, and the other on his shield, listens with calm serenity

to his father's answer; he knits his manly brow, fire flashes from his eyes, raising his sword once more, he exclaims, "Come on, brave friends;" and rushing forward, is seen no more till the trumpets and the soldiers proclaim the victory!

The loud shouts that I had imagined, aroused me from my reverie, and I should have left the hallowed place, but upon turning round I saw hanging the saddle and the helmet of HARRY the FIFTH. Having bestowed so many reflections upon CRESSY, it would be unjust not to make a few upon the not-less-celebrated battle of AGINCOURT. I therefore took my seat at the foot of the shrine of the Confessor, and looking at the suspended relics of those glorious days, I called to my mind the circumstances connected with the battle of AGINCOURT.

HENRY's army, amounting to only thirty thousand men, was landed at HARFLEUR, and met, it appears, with very little resistance from the French; but it had, however, to contend against the influence of the climate, which proved a more powerful enemy, as three parts of his army were carried off by a fatal dysentery. No situation could be worse for HENRY; he had just passed the small river of TERNOIS, at BLANGI, and had arrived at the heights, from whence he beheld the French army, occupying the plains of AGINCOURT, with every determination on their part to intercept his march. His army was reduced to *nine thousand* men, which was to be opposed to an enemy amounting to nearly *ninety thousand*. Although wasted with disease, harassed with fatigue,

and destitute of provisions, on a foreign shore, they were not daunted; and led on by the gallant HENRY, who drew them up in a defile between two majestic woods, which flanked them in on both sides. In this position, he awaited the approach of the enemy, headed by the CONSTABLE of FRANCE. For a long time both armies stood gazing upon one another, neither willing to begin the battle. In this position, I imagine I see the warlike HARRY with that very helmet on his head, the graceful plume nodding upon it, his manly countenance cheerfully smiling under his beaver. I see the snorting war horse, pawing and neighing, and that very saddle girted to his back, and the graceful HARRY mounted; and, animating his valiant but emaciated comrades, thus addressing them :

“ Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
Or close the wall up with our English dead ;
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the actions of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews ; summon up the blood ;
Disguise fair nature with hard favour'd rage ;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect,
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height.”

The soldiers pause, and both armies gaze yet

silently on one another ; when the undaunted HARRY, drawing his glittering weapon, and brandishing it before them, smilingly cries out, " My valiant friends, since they will not begin, it is ours to set them the example ; come on, and the blessed Trinity be our protection." The soldiers shout, and rushing on their assailants with sword in hand, soon struck terror and spread confusion among their enemies. Again the arms of England are victorious, and the valour of our forefathers is established.

Such, reader, were the achievements of past days, those very days which unprincipled modern writers endeavour to tarnish by calling the "*dark ages*," and the men who lived in them " ignorant and superstitious." I am so incensed with these base and servile dogs, that I am scarcely capable of restraining myself within the bounds of discretion ; for, to argue with such degenerate wretches is ridiculous ; nothing but the horsewhip or horse-pond will do for them, and the more they get of either the better.

But, visiter of BABYLON, you whose mind is, perhaps, unencumbered with such vile and unjust prejudices, let me ask you to point out in the history of modern warfare where a parallel to either of the above battles can be found. I remember when I used to read the sickening details of the battle of WATERLOO. I can remember when those panders to the public taste, those bribed and dastardly wretches who conducted the press, used to extol this last victory as the brightest and the most glorious of the whole of the annals of his-

tory. Now, BABYLONIAN visiter, let me ask whether common sense does not say that the DUKE of WELLINGTON ought to have vanquished BUONAPARTE, inasmuch as the former had under his command 170,000, and the latter only 150,000? I say, common sense says, that *seventy* should beat *fifty*, and that there is little to boast of in any victory where a greater force beats a smaller one. But in the battle of CRESSY, EDWARD's army of 30,000 men were opposed by PHILIP's amounting to 120,000; and HARRY's *nine thousand* had to contend with *ninety thousand*; and, although in this last battle there were ten thousand killed upon the field, and fourteen thousand taken prisoners, the English lost only *forty in all*. Blush then, reader, at the insolence of the above writers, and let justice and common sense teach you to bestow that reverence which is unquestionably due to the valour, virtue, and renown of our ancestors.

After seeing the various chapels and tombs of ancient worthies, I was permitted to wander over the wider intervals of the Abbey by myself; various are the monuments and sarcophaguses to be seen, some of great merit and others of a most wretched kind. Those of ROUBILLIAC are, in my opinion, unquestionably the best, especially the one erected to the memory of LADY NIGHTINGALE. The subject is this: LADY NIGHTINGALE is sculptured in a dying attitude, sinking upon one arm of her husband; the husband's attention is not bestowed upon her, however, but is arrested by the sudden appearance of *Death*, who is bursting from

a tomb, (which forms the pedestal,) and is aiming his fatal dart at the bosom of the lady, while the affrighted husband is endeavouring to ward it off with his hand. The whole of the workmanship of this is unrivalled, and reflects the highest praise upon the genius of the artist. There were many others that attracted my attention, but I looked around me in vain for the monument of the "wondrous Childe," the immortal BYRON. I could see the sarcophagus of ANDRE, who was hanged in America as a spy; I could see the statues of actors, whom the law calls vagabonds; I could see the uninscribed monument of PERCEVAL; nay, I even trod upon the grave, in which were deposited the remains of a felo-de-se, the bloody CASTLEREAGH; all these were here to disgrace the *sanctity* of this venerable pile, but there was no BYRON. Here were the authors of the beastly OTHELLO and bloody MACBETH, the foolish CATO, and the bombastical PARADISE LOST; but no author of the CORSAIR. I would have been angry, but my better judgment told me to despise such pitiful persecution. What, Mr. PROTESTANT DEAN of the Catholic Abbey of Westminster, do you think that *you* can affect the fame of a man like BYRON? Miserable are your efforts, founded probably in hypocrisy or something worse. But stop! I will not reason with you, Mr. PROTESTANT DEAN of Westminster, but leave you in the full possession of that contempt which every lover of freedom must involuntarily entertain for you. BYRON would have despised you if alive; his immortality

is beyond the reach of your contamination, now dead.

I well recollect when and where he was interred; cold and misty was the evening when I reached the village of HUCKNALL TORKED, in the church of which he was to be buried, I suppose in compliance to his own wish, expressed in one of his earliest poems, written upon leaving NEWSTEAD ABBEY, which joins HUCKNALL,

“ Shades of heroes, farewell, your descendant departing
 From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu.
 Abroad or at home, your remembrance imparting
 New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.
 Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
 'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
 Far distant he goes with the same emulation,
 The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.
 That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish,
 He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
 Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
 When decay'd, may he *minge his dust with your own.*”

I well remember the evening when, fatigued with walking, I arrived at HUCKNALL, all nature was at rest, and even the new moon seemed to be going to rest too, as she was fast sinking in the firmament. There were but two public-houses in the place; the people of the one had gone to bed, and although that was not the case with the other, it was with difficulty that I could obtain “accommodation” for the night. I did, however, manage it. The next morning came, and I arose with the blushes of Aurora, took a walk to the simple country church, in the yard of which I had not

been long sauntering before the masons came to open the vault, where lay in silent repose the ancestors of BYRON. I entered the church with them, and waited, with considerable anxiety, till they had removed the ponderous stone which covered the mouth of the vault; when, however, that was accomplished, I was the first that entered the gloomy abode, the final resting-place of the Bard. There were seven leaden coffins in it, with loose copper-plates on each. It was too dark to read them. "Here," said I, "will his body rest, while the genius of his mind will live abroad for ever." I remained here till the men left the church for breakfast, when I was obliged to retire too. I returned to the inn, and amused myself in the best manner I could till the afternoon. Numerous people came from the adjoining counties of DERBY and YORK; and I myself had taken a pilgrimage of a hundred miles for the purpose. The village was filled; windows, tops of houses, trees, and every thing that commanded a view of the church, had their sable occupiers, and the churchyard and church were filled to suffocation many hours before the funeral procession arrived; it was about four in the afternoon when the corpse was brought into the church, followed by what was called an *urn*, in which was embalmed BYRON'S heart. The coffin, covered with crimson velvet, was placed on tressels at the mouth of the vault, and the urn upon the coffin. After the parson had mumbled over the solemn service, the coffin and urn were taken down to the gloomy abode, which was under the altar-

piece, at the east end of the church. Many as were the spectators, the solemn silence of the grave reigned among them ; excepting when interrupted by the long-drawn sighs, quite in unison with the heavy knell of the funeral bell. One young man I particularly observed ; he was dressed in black, and watched with anxiety every movement of the *hired mockers* of woe ; and when the corpse was carried down, then might the **BARD**, had his spirit been hovering there, seen in the person of that young man, and many more besides him, the complete realisation of his own immortal verse :

“ When my soul wings her flight
To the regions of night,
And my corse shall recline on its bier ;
As ye pass by the tomb,
Where my ashes consume,
Oh ! moisten their dust with a tear.

May no marble bestow
The splendour of woe,
Which the children of vanity rear ;
No fiction of fame
Shall blazon my name,
All I ask, all I wish, is a tear.”

Thou hadst this, thou lofty genius ; thy fluttering spirit might have seen tears glistening in the eyes of many, whose heart-blood, be assured, was of purer stuff than that which circulates in the veins of Messrs. DEAN and CHAPTER of WESTMINSTER ABBEY and ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

A venerable structure of by-gone days.

AFTER visiting the ABBEY, a Babylonian perambulator is almost of necessity compelled to visit the old HALL ; the historical description of which is as follows :—

“ Westminster Hall, with the House of Lords, and House of Commons, and other contiguous buildings, are on the site of the *Old Royal Palace* of Westminster, built by *Edward the Confessor*. It stood close to the banks of the Thames, and took in also the space now called Old Palace Yard.

“ Westminster Hall is the largest room in Europe, unsupported by pillars, except the Theatre at Oxford. It is 275 feet in length, and 74 in breadth. The roof is of chestnut, of curious Gothic architecture and workmanship. This great hall was built by *William Rufus*, and repaired and enlarged by *Richard II.* It was originally used as a place in which to entertain the king's guests and dependants, on great festivals ; *Richard II.* having entertained 10,000 *persons within its walls*, and it is still used for the coronation *feasts*.

“ On the day of the coronation, from hence the king and his attendants walk on a platform to Westminster Abbey, when the ceremony is performed ; and again return to the hall to dinner.

“ Parliaments have frequently been held beneath its roof ; and it was the court of justice in which the king presided in person. In this hall *Charles I.* was tried, and condemned to be beheaded. At present it is occasionally fitted up for the trial of peers, or of any persons on the impeachment of the Commons, and was used lately for the trials of Lord Melville and Mr. Hastings. At other times it forms a promenade for lawyers and suitors during the sitting of the adjoining courts.

“ On the right side of the hall, at the upper end, up a flight of stairs, is the *High Court of Chancery* ; and next to that, the *Court of Common Pleas* ; then the *Court of Exchequer* ; and lastly, on the right as you enter, the *Court of King's Bench*.

“ These great courts have *four terms* in the year ; namely, *Hilary Term*, which begins January 23, and ends February 12 ; *Easter Term*, which begins the third Wednesday after Easter Sunday, and lasts twenty-six days : *Trinity Term*, which begins the Friday after Trinity Sunday, and lasts three weeks ; and *Michaelmas Term*, which begins November 6th, and ends the 28th.

“ After each of these terms, the respective Chief Justices hold sittings for the trial of special causes in Westminster Hall, and also in the Guildhall of London for city causes.

“ The old courts, which were venerable for their antiquity, and interesting from their great power and influence, having been found of late years much too small for the variety of business done in them, the present courts were erected in their stead. Suits of apartments are also provided for the juries and officers of the courts, and coffee-houses are built for the accommodation of each court.

“ Under the roof of this hall, or in intimate connexion with it, is performed the most effective public business of this great empire. Here, the representatives of the people deliberate on whatever concerns the public weal—here, every department of the law is administered in the three Supreme Courts, and the Court of Chancery, all adjoining—and here sit the Court of Final Appeal, and the other House of Legislature, the House of Lords.”

When I entered the place it was *term* time, as it is called ; and therefore it was pretty well filled with “ gentlemen learned in the law.” Independent of the appearance of the lawyers, with their pig-tailed wigs, black gowns, and blue bags, there was a certain noise, which, for a better and a more appropriate epithet, I will call a *legal hum* ; a hum somewhat like that which is heard in large public school-rooms, at that critical time when the master is cross enough to prevent his unruly pupils from talking loudly, and yet not

cross enough to prevent them from talking at all. There was, therefore, this legal hum in every part of the hall, accompanied with a disagreeable scraping of the feet, which all the "*learned gentlemen*" seem to think it fashionable to adopt when they walk. After looking from the steps that lead from the HOUSE OF COMMONS upon the black moving groups for a short time, I entered into the Court of Chancery, where my LORD ELDON was presiding; the case for hearing was upon a motion made in what was called the WELLESLEY CASE, of which the public have heard and read so much. It appears to me, that with whatever equity my LORD ELDON may have decided upon this cause, his decisions, however, as far as they have gone to separate the children from the father, are in direct contradiction to nature, and are a tyrannical usurpation of the *rights of parents*. For, although Mr. WELLESLEY may have been dissolute and irregular in his habits, profuse and extravagant in his way of living, nay, although he may have been even an adulterer, I can perceive no principle of *equity* in saying to such a man, you shall hold no communication with the very offspring of your body! Besides, in all the discussions that have taken place, the vices of the *husband* have, in my opinion, been *solely* looked to, and they have been the pretext for assailing and destroying the rights of the *parent*. This, in my humble opinion, can by no principle of law, divine or civil, be justified. For a man may be, and circumstances may in a great measure make him, a vicious *husband*, and yet he may be a kind and

generous *father*. It is, I believe, the case with Mr. WELLESLEY. But it is said that his irregular habits would have (unless the Court of Chancery had interfered) soon dissipated his fortune, leaving his children beggars. It is true that this might have been the case, but if Mr. WELLESLEY be to be believed on his oath, this was not the case. But supposing it was, his children are not now less liable to be beggars than they were then. For, although the children now enjoy the *protection* of the Court of Chancery, every one knows that that protection is accompanied with considerable expense; and I verily believe that the money spent upon lawyers and solicitors in this cause in one year, has very far exceeded the whole amount of whatever Mr. WELLESLEY may have *gambled* away in his life. So that this protection reminds one of the old fable of the monkey and the cats. But in this case there is a manifest wrong done to the father of these children, and a species of injury inflicted upon him, that were I in the same situation, nothing in the shape of law, and nothing but incarceration or death, should prevent me from resenting; and I do not hesitate to say, if a decision such as this were made against me under like circumstances, much as I venerate the tribunals of my country, and much as I admire the generally just and wise decisions that emanate from them, I would resist that decision till the last hour of my life. I can see, as I said before, no principle of *equity* (for law there is no pretence to any) which shall prevent a *father* from holding any conversation or correspondence with his *children*.

There might be some equity, and reason too, in taking the children from the father, for the purposes of *education*; this was invariably done by the brave and magnanimous Spartans, conceiving, as they did, that the natural tenderness and indulgence of parents might be a bar to that sort of bringing up, which would fit them for the proper discharge of those duties in life, which, when men, it ought to be incumbent upon them to perform. To such a regulation as this I should have no objection. I should like the *state* to bring up the children of the state; at least, such of them whose rank in life rendered them fit for education, but not otherwise; for I am, individually, opposed to *universal* education, and think it is preposterous in theory, and (as it has always been proved) mischievous in its effects. LORD BACON, upon this subject, says, that there should in a state be no more educated than what there are situations of trust for; that is, there should be just as many educated in a state as are necessary to fill the offices of the state. I say, therefore, that for the purposes of *education* I approve of the separation of the young WELLESLEYS from their father, but wherever that object is exceeded I censure and condemn it.

But, how long are these unnatural restrictions to last? are they to continue till the father is dead, or merely till the boys are of age? No questions of this sort are ever put by the public press; no one ever questions the duration of these restrictions; no one ever imagines that that which might in appearance sanction the unnatural decision of

yesterday, may be absolutely removed to-day or to-morrow. No one ever anticipates a reformation of the life of this injured gentleman ; and yet were he to abandon the imputed propensity to the gambling table, were events to happen to remove from him the more serious and immoral offence, would it be contended that these restrictions should continue ? Would it be just or equitable that they should ? And yet no one anticipates this change of circumstances, which are not only possible but very probable. Mr. WELLESLEY's age may not a little contribute to subdue the irregular propensities imputed to him, and should it so happen that CAPTAIN BLIGH should die * during the lifetime of Mr. WELLESLEY, the principles of real honour that have bound this last gentleman to the fate of Mrs. BLIGH might induce him to marry her. If such a change of circumstances were to occur, ought the methodistical cant of the Misses LONG (to which the public have so blindly given a sanction) ; ought this methodistical cant to prevail, or ought not the unnatural decision to be repealed ? I leave the just and generous reader to determine.

* Since the writing of this passage, the case supposed by the author has literally been fulfilled.

THE LANTERN.

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

Deserted Village.

IN passing through some of the streets that lead from Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster Bridge, my attention was called by a large assemblage of people, mostly women, who were standing at the entrance of a small street, through which there was no thoroughfare. I stopped, but could not, for some time afterwards, distinguish what it was at which the people were looking; but a woman dressed in a low black gown, with scarcely any thing to cover her neck, with a ragged cap as black as a coal, and a carbuncled face not much whiter, with breath that stunk with gin sufficient to suffocate one; this woman, however, soon directed my attention to the object of my curiosity, by exclaiming, "Oh, the *nasty* creatures, I am glad they are going to be burnt out." "What nasty creatures do you mean, woman?" inquired I. "Them 'ere, in them 'ere houses." And it was not till this *Lady* (as the police reporters would have called her) had made this elegant speech, that I discovered a lantern stuck on a pole, with a board under it, with these words upon it, "*Beware of bad houses.*" I could see no one in the houses, nor in the street, excepting a watchman; and as I had never seen the like be-

fore, I turned, as it were, about me to see a *fit* person of whom I might safely inquire the particulars of this, which appeared to me so strange a matter.

Opposite to the end of this street stood four pretty houses, with small gardens before, and lime trees shading the fronts of each house. At the door of one of these stood a fine tall good-looking man, with a rough-haired cap on his head, smoking very leisurely a long black ebony pipe, with a remarkably large head or bowl to it. He was dressed in a striped linen morning gown, and had every appearance of a kind-hearted sensible man; and as he seemed to have nothing to do, I had no fear of interrupting him, by inquiring of him what I wanted properly to understand. I therefore went up to him, and made the inquiry; with great urbanity and politeness he advanced, and taking a little key from his waistcoat pocket opened the garden gate and kindly invited me into his house, which was very neatly furnished and hung round with pictures, which he told me were of his own painting, he being an amateur painter. I seated myself, and the gentleman thus began. "You see," said he, "that some of the "houses in that street opposite have for inmates "what are called *bad* girls, or unfortunate women "of the town. A methodistical magistrate, living "hard by, is resolved to drive them from this "neighbourhood, and therefore he has adopted "what is called 'burning them out;' but for my "part," continued the benevolent man, "I can "see no good that the officious fellow can do; for

“ if he drive them from this neighbourhood, they
“ must go to another ; and consequently, unless
“ he burn them to death, he is not diminishing the
“ vice of prostitution ; but making the pitiable
“ objects, who have, God knows, enough to en-
“ dure without feeling the addition of his cant
“ and persecution. He had better, by far, orna-
“ ment with lanterns the neighbourhoods of
“ Virginia Water and the West End, than perse-
“ cute with such fiendlike malignity such truly
“ miserable creatures, who really ought to be
“ more the objects of our pity than our censure.”

He paused here to fill his pipe ; and in the interim I thought that all he had said was so just and bespoke so much of true generosity and kindness of heart, that, had I been at liberty, I should have seized him by the hand, and claimed him as a brother. He now left me, and went into a small adjoining room, like a kitchen, and lighted his pipe, and returning with it smoking, he resumed his observations. “ Now, Sir,” said he, “ I perceive
“ by your dress that you are from the country,
“ and what I am going to tell you may appear to
“ you untrue, but I pledge myself as to its
“ veracity.

“ There lived in one of those houses some time
“ back, one of the handsomest young women that
“ I ever saw ; so beautiful was she, so perfect in
“ form, and so remarkably elegant, that any one
“ who might see her would think her angelic,
“ and too lovely for mere mortality. I had seen
“ her frequently pass by my cottage, her face
“ depicting a dejected and sorrowful mind ; when

“ one day I asked her, if she had any objection to
“ sit to me while I painted her likeness. She
“ answered in the most pleasant voice imaginable,
“ that if it would afford me any pleasure, she would
“ grant me my wish at any time I should ap-
“ point; I therefore requested that she would
“ attend me the next day; and, that you may have
“ some notion of what sort of creature she is, I
“ will show you my painting, with a full length
“ portrait in it.” He left me for a second or two,
and returned with his pipe fresh lighted, and a
large picture. The subject he had chosen was
from DON JUAN, in that part of it where HAIDEE is
feasting JUAN in the Grecian Hall of her father.
This was the subject, and it was treated of in this
manner. The foreground represented, seated in
all the luxurious splendour of the East, the fair
and beautiful HAIDEE; her hair parted over her
forehead, and her tresses flowing voluptuously
down her long neck, and reposing upon her rising
bosom; next to her was JUAN, looking stedfastly
in her face, with one arm clasping her delicate
frame, and the left hand of the other holding
HAIDEE’s right, both of which were resting upon
his upraised knee. The background of the pic-
ture represented the dancing and merry-making
parties that were assembled in various groups. At
the extremity of the perspective, which was so
managed as to bring it to the left side of the can-
vass, in the door-way, stood the stern, the weather-
beaten “ the sea attorney” LAMBRO. At the in-
trusion of the last, and at the carousals of the first,
the loving pair are perfectly indifferent and un-

concerned, intently conversing with, and looking tenderly at, one another. This was the picture, and these were the characters in it, and the effect was good in the extreme. The contrasts were admirable. LAMBRO, tall and robust, accoutred with pistols and sabre, and his face indicating his rage, contrasted with the boyish and inoffensive look of JUAN; then the calmness of the unconscious pair, compared with the confusion around, were most judiciously managed. In short the picture was a good one, and the beauty of HAIDEE was unrivalled. "This," said the painter, "is the likeness of the young girl of whom I was talking, and whose history I will tell you." Then putting his picture on the ground, he began the moving narrative as follows.

"The young and unfortunate creature, which I have represented as HAIDEE, was born at a village not a great distance from the pretty town of NEWPORT, in the ISLE of WIGHT. Her father was originally a contractor for ship supplies; and having realised a good fortune, as most men of that stamp do, and being anxious that his son, who was then abroad, should succeed him in his wealth, in the capacity of a merchant, he *branched out*, as people call it, and began the business of a merchant; he succeeded, too, for some time, in this his new profession. His only daughter, of course, was brought up with all those false ideas so prevalent in modern education; she was taught to despise all that was useful, and to admire all that was artificial; hence she could embroider

“ a veil, but could not make a shirt ; she could
“ dance, sing, and paint, but could neither milk,
“ make butter, bread, or beer ; she knew the
“ botany of flowers, but knew not how to *culti-*
“ *vate* any ; she could make fans and fire-screens
“ of feathers, but did not know how to rear even
“ a chicken ; in fact, in strict accordance to the
“ unnatural system of modern education, she was
“ taught all that was *ornamental*, but nothing
“ *useful*. Some years after her father had be-
“ come a merchant, at the return of the army
“ from the continent, at the last peace, a young
“ officer of the name of MONTAGUE, whose regi-
“ ment was quartered at NEWPORT, was intro-
“ duced to the merchant’s family ; he was hand-
“ some, and particularly well bred, and nobly
“ descended. There were so much apparent
“ sincerity and honesty in his conversation, and
“ so much good sense in all he said, that he soon
“ became a favourite and welcome visitor to the
“ house of the merchant, who, being a widower,
“ his wife having died a short time after his
“ daughter was born, was proud to have a young
“ man of so much information and good sense,
“ and wherewithal of such good connexions, as
“ an inmate in his house, which young MONTAGUE
“ had now become. The regiment did not stay
“ in the ISLE long, but quite long enough to give
“ MONTAGUE many opportunities to persuade the
“ too willing CHARLOTTE that he ardently loved
“ her. Indeed, I can easily believe he really felt
“ the flame, for few men could possibly remain
“ long in her company without loving her. He.

“ had, however, during his short stay in the *Isle*,
“ given what all women consider an indisputable
“ proof of affection, in having exposed his life in
“ a duel with an officer of another regiment, who
“ had spoken rather unguardedly of her. This
“ was sufficient for the romantic *Charlotte*, and
“ her gratitude and passion soon afterwards made
“ her the yielding prey of *Montague*. He pro-
“ fessed the purest and the most inviolable at-
“ tachment to her, and grounded his protestations
“ upon the basis of the strictest honour ; how far
“ he proved himself honourable the sequel will
“ tell. The regiment left the *Isle*, and with it,
“ its commander *Montague*, leaving the lovely
“ *Charlotte* disconsolate and unhappy. In the
“ interval, however, the mercantile pursuits of
“ the contractor were all frustrated by unexpected
“ failure in his new enterprise, which levelled him
“ from a state of affluence to almost the extreme
“ of adversity. His failure and his ruin soon be-
“ came known, and *Montague* was not the last
“ to whom the misfortunes of the merchant were
“ told. The unconscious *Charlotte* did not
“ suspect that adversity would make any alter-
“ ation in the affection of her lover, but con-
“ ceived that the love of a man of *Montague*’s
“ fortune and character was too permanently fixed
“ to be any way influenced by pecuniary consider-
“ ations. She therefore tenderly endeavoured
“ to reconcile her father to his unfortunate fate
“ by all kinds of considerations, but chiefly from
“ the idea of her expected union with *Montague*,
“ whose fortune, said she, was sufficient to sup-

“ port them all ; and she was sure that she knew
 “ enough of his generosity as to be able to say,
 “ that he would be happy to contribute with her
 “ to his necessities and pleasures.” The following
 letter he then read as follows :—

“ ‘ SIR,—Since I left the ISLE, I have consulted
 “ ‘ with those of my friends whose opinions are
 “ ‘ most to be attended to, upon the union which
 “ ‘ I thought it was in my power to make with
 “ ‘ your daughter ; their decision is, first, that I
 “ ‘ am too young ; and, secondly, that my present
 “ ‘ income is too limited to enable me to support
 “ ‘ a wife in the style to which the virtues of so
 “ ‘ amiable a woman as your daughter are entitled.

“ ‘ I am, Sir,

“ ‘ Yours most obediently,

“ ‘ WM. MONTAGUE.

“ ‘ To Mr. _____,

“ ‘ Isle of Wight.’

“ The father was too unhappy, and too absorbed
 “ with his ruinous affairs, to attend to all letters
 “ that he received, and accordingly this letter fell
 “ into the hands of CHARLOTTE, who answered it
 “ thus :—

“ ‘ CRUEL MONTAGUE,—My father has, unfor-
 “ ‘ tunately, too many ills to bear, to require the
 “ ‘ great addition which you must be sensible that
 “ ‘ your letter would make to them. If, however,
 “ ‘ such a letter ought to have been written, it
 “ ‘ ought to have been addressed to me, for I am
 “ ‘ the person most interested in its contents.
 “ ‘ My father was too incredulous, and knew too

“ ‘ much of the treachery of mankind, to look
“ ‘ upon you in any other light than a friend. I,
“ ‘ unhappily, too readily believed your declara-
“ ‘ tions, so solemnly made, and consented to the
“ ‘ gratification of a passion, which in you had no
“ ‘ other existence but in lust ; and now you leave
“ ‘ me to deplore the misery which your baseness
“ ‘ has inflicted upon me.

“ ‘ Go, therefore, false man, and may the curses
“ ‘ of the innocent and the injured accompany
“ ‘ you.

“ ‘ CHARLOTTE.’

“ A month after this, the father of the unfortu-
“ nate girl, in a fit of despair, hung himself ; leav-
“ ing her an orphan to the pity of the wide world.
“ Imagine, Sir,” said the gentleman, appealing to
me, “ imagine, Sir, the forlorn situation of this
“ poor girl ; not a friend in the world, an orphan,
“ shunned by those who formerly courted her
“ society, and having, in addition to the embar-
“ rassed state in which her father’s affairs were
“ left, her own personal miseries to bear.

“ In this wretched and miserable state she con-
“ tinued for some months, dependent upon the
“ bounty of a poor fisherman, who had been for-
“ merly employed by her father ; but during her
“ stay there she received the following letter:—

“ ‘ MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,—Whatever may
“ ‘ be your opinion of me, believe me, my dear
“ ‘ girl, that my heart is not so destitute of gene-

“ ‘ rosity as to be entirely insensible of the wretch-
 “ ‘ edness of your condition. I would fain rescue
 “ ‘ you from your unhappy fate ; and, indeed, if
 “ ‘ your bliss depended upon my *wishes*, you would
 “ ‘ be the happiest, as you certainly are the love-
 “ ‘ liest, of mortals. My *wishes*, however, are of no
 “ ‘ avail ; and circumstances, stern and inflexible in
 “ ‘ their nature, effectually prevent me, at present,
 “ ‘ from fulfilling those vows upon which your
 “ ‘ future hopes were founded. I have been, ever
 “ ‘ since I saw you last, and more particularly
 “ ‘ am now, one of the most wretched and the
 “ ‘ most miserable of men. Thy presence haunts
 “ ‘ me by night, thy unmerited sufferings distress
 “ ‘ my imaginations by day. Come, then, my
 “ ‘ dear girl, come to me here, and thus end my
 “ ‘ mental torment and inquietude ; and, at the
 “ ‘ same time, rescue thyself from the wretched-
 “ ‘ ness of thy condition. It is true, I cannot
 “ ‘ marry you ; and even if I could, I should be
 “ ‘ doubtful whether it could increase, while there
 “ ‘ would be a great probability of its diminishing,
 “ ‘ our affection. For remember the words of the
 “ ‘ elegant POPE—

“ ‘ *Love*, free as air, at sight of human ties

“ ‘ Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

“ ‘ I therefore invite thee ; thy residence shall
 “ ‘ be in some secluded and hidden spot in the
 “ ‘ country, such a spot as I know thou wouldst
 “ ‘ prefer. A good library shall go with thee, and
 “ ‘ I will join thy company at such times as I can

“ ‘ steal away from the society of my family.
“ ‘ Haste, therefore, and accept of the enclosed
“ ‘ as the means of conveying thee hither.

“ ‘ Thine,

“ ‘ MONTAGUE.’

“ The poor CHARLOTTE received this letter just
“ at the time when her hospitable host was in
“ pecuniary difficulties. In it was inclosed a bank
“ bill for fifty pounds ; and, without the least con-
“ sideration, as to, in what degree, the *use* of the
“ money would bind her to comply with MONT-
“ AGUE’s wishes, she instantly relieved with a part
“ of it her kind-hearted and generous protector.
“ Having done this, she now began to think of
“ the proposal of her false lover ; she at first
“ resolved to return him his money, and thus
“ convince him how she estimated his base pro-
“ posal ; but, alas ! this virtuous resolution was
“ of no avail, she had spent some of it, and in
“ what manner she could get the amount again,
“ she did not know. In this difficulty, however,
“ she had recourse to the advice of the fisherman’s
“ wife, who strongly urged her to comply. This
“ advice, probably, arose from the woman not
“ having any wish that CHARLOTTE’s accouche-
“ ment should take place in her house ; and this
“ expected event was one that weighed strongly
“ the final resolution of CHARLOTTE, who now de-
“ termined upon leaving her retreat, and throwing
“ herself upon the protection of her lover. She
“ accordingly wrote to him a short letter, inti-
“ mating her intention, and in a few days after

“ arrived in London, where MONTAGUE met her.
“ But instead of taking her, as he had promised,
“ and providing for her a retreat in the coun-
“ try, he took her to some very elegant apart-
“ ments in Wyndham Street, Bryanstone Square.
“ His attention to her, at first, was great and
“ constant, and remained so until she was con-
“ fined; but the day after this took place he
“ deserted her for ever, leaving her in arrear for
“ rent, and the expenses of her illness to pay
“ besides! This false and treacherous wretch
“ saw her no more! Thus again destitute, without
“ one friend in the universe to whom she could
“ apply for advice or assistance, she stayed at
“ Wyndham Street till she could stay no longer.
“ She was obliged to sell or pawn her trinkets,
“ clothes, and every thing that was the least va-
“ luable to keep herself and her child from starv-
“ ing. Driven with ruthless barbarity from her
“ residence, even before she had been a month
“ confined, she, by the advice of the servant maid
“ where she was then living, came and took lodg-
“ ings in one of those houses, the inmates of
“ which they are now ‘burning out.’

“ She had not been many days there, before I
“ saw and took her likeness. When she told me
“ her moving tale, I was resolved to rescue her
“ from her unmerited fate; and knowing a kind-
“ hearted and pious old lady of the Catholic per-
“ suasion, I went to visit her in her retreat in
“ the beautiful vale of PETERSHAM, and told the
“ generous saint the whole history of the unfor-
“ tunate girl. Touched with sympathy, she told

“me to desire CHARLOTTE to visit her; and
“from that hour to the present, she and her
“child have lived happily with the good old
“lady. And, Sir,” said the kind-hearted man,
“a more grateful and more virtuous girl never
“existed.”

A glow of warmth spread over my friend's face, which banished from his eyes the tear which would have stolen unperceived from them. I seized him by the hand; thanked him with rapture; asked him all sorts of irregular questions; gave him my card; asked what *I* could do; urged him to come and live with me. He only answered me with a smile, which seemed to say, “You are good, Sir;” but declined all my offers. I left his cottage with reluctance, and I have now the happiness of ranking him among the best of my friends and acquaintances.

DRURY LANE AND THE DRAMA.

Dramatic representations contemplated at the first establishment of them the inculcation of morality, and beneficent and generous feelings ; to depict prosperous vice in its deformity, and suffering virtue in its beauty ; securing to the former its final misery and punishment, and to the latter its exaltation and reward.

HAVING seen the play of *OTHELLO* announced, in which Mr. KEAN was to perform the principal part, about seven in the evening, I seated myself in the boxes, by the side of a very beautiful and very interesting girl, in company with a gentleman, whom, I discovered afterwards, was her brother. Previous to the drawing up of the curtain, I had full opportunity of viewing, with some degree of attention, the gaudiness displayed in this gay place of amusement ; but, bachelor as I am, I could not, however, help making the circuit which my eyes took, begin and end with the beautiful face of the stranger. I have since frequently upbraided myself for my rudeness ; but at that time I could not help it, especially as she represented the pretty girl of the inn, in the village where I reside. There was something so unassuming in her person, that she seemed unsuited to the gaiety of the place. No feathers or artificial flowers decorated her brow, for it wanted none ; no false hair hung in ringlets down her neck ; no stinking paint coloured her cheeks ; her fine eyes wanted no aid from the quizzing or the opera glass ; she displayed no affecting bend of the

neck, or stretching out of her arm ; no *loud* talk in broken French, or bad English, escaped her lips ; in short, she wanted none of those female tricks and contrivances so common among the women of BABYLON, and especially in the theatres of that overgrown city. I, however, was not the only admirer she had, she seemed to attract, although perfectly unconscious of it, the attention of every body around her, the rude stares of whom continued till the play began.

I had imbibed considerable prejudice against this play, by merely reading it at home ; but having understood that all critics agreed that it was the *best* of Shakspeare's plays, I was anxious to see whether the personification of it (especially as the main part was in the hands of KEAN, of whom I had heard so much) would remove those prejudices. I therefore gave the greatest attention to the performance. Behind me was sitting a tall, mustachioed, high and spur-heeled "dead-weight man," as CASTLEREAGH elegantly christened such gentlemen, who gave at various parts of the acting very loud and marked approbation, by clapping his hands very noisily. This rather annoyed me, inasmuch as it seemed to ruffle the placid countenance of the female stranger. When the play was finished, I turned round and said to her, loud enough to be heard by the mustachioed applauder, "Have *you*, Miss, seen any thing in this play of which *you* can approve ?" "No, Sir," said she, very modestly, "it is too sanguinary for me." "Good girl," replied I ; and bidding her good night, I left the theatre immediately.

Now let me examine this play; my previous prejudices were increased instead of being diminished, and it behoves me to state something by way of justification of myself, for entertaining any opinions other than those which are universally entertained. I therefore state, that the play of OTHELLO is preposterous in the plot or foundation of it, and beastly and bloody in its details. This is what I state; and I think there are few critics, with any reputation to lose, that will controvert these two strong objections to the goodness and beauty of the play. Now, then, what is the plot? Why, a mere *pocket handkerchief*! and nothing more. The characters of the play are these: a beautiful and noble *white* lady, of the name of DESDEMONA, *voluntarily*, without any wooing! falls desperately in love with an ugly *black* general, of the name of OTHELLO, who marries her! IAGO, the servant of the BLACK, endeavours to make his master jealous of his wife; the BLACK doubts his servant, and believes in the fidelity of DESDEMONA, until he finds his lieutenant, of the name of CASSIO, in possession of a pocket handkerchief, which he, the BLACK, had formerly given to his wife. *That*, at once, confirms IAGO's base insinuations, and OTHELLO resolves to murder his wife, which he does in bed, having ordered her to go thither for that purpose! In this bloody scene, the ground of jealousy is removed by EMILY, the wife of IAGO, telling how her husband forcibly took the pocket handkerchief from her, she having first stolen it from her mistress. IAGO, incensed at this

disclosure, kills his wife upon the spot; and OTHELLO, out of revenge, instead of killing IAGO, kills himself! There is, however, another murder, in the former part of the play; a rich young Venetian is in love with DESDEMONA, and tells IAGO of his passion; IAGO assures him that DESDEMONA will soon tire in her unnatural attachment to OTHELLO, and then his suit will be preferred; with various assurances of this sort, IAGO draws from the Venetian great sums of money, diamonds, nay his whole fortune. When, however, he is beggared, IAGO gets him killed in a duel. Thus four bloody murders are committed on the open stage, two husbands killing their loving wives, and all, because one wife stole from the other a dirty pocket handkerchief! There is, however, another strange feature in this play, namely, that one part of it is played in Venice, and the other (on the *same* night) in Africa! So that in one moment the parties are at home, and the next they are abroad; one instant enjoying their fire-sides, as we Englishmen would talk, and in the next, *three or four hundred* miles from them! I laughed most heartily at this; and, having previously taken my watch out, to see how long the heroes and heroines would take to remove bag and baggage from one country to the other, that is, from one quarter of the world to the other, it took exactly three minutes! and I could not help exclaiming, "Good God, what a quick passage they have had, considering what a storm they have endured!" For, even in this removal, SHAKSPEARE could not avoid giving it a tinge of

horror, by making the quick-sailing voyagers subject to a violent storm.

Now, reader, is not all this preposterous? Is it not absurd and unnatural? But if this be the case of the *best* of SHAKSPEARE'S plays, of what rubbish and of what stuff must the others be composed? I, however, do not object to this play alone, but to the whole of his plays; not altogether as to their imaginative merits, (for of these he has a great many,) but, because,

First, as plays forming the main body of our drama, they greatly tend to demoralize and brutalize the feelings of the people, by unnumbered examples of the most bloody atrocities. And,

Secondly, the monopoly which they have secured is injurious to the reign or future rise of dramatic poetry.

These are the grounds of my objection to the plays of SHAKSPEARE; and on each of these grounds I will make some short comment.

It is not necessary to detail the history of the rise and progress of the British drama; but it is necessary, I imagine, to state what common sense would suppose were the objects contemplated in the first establishment of scenic or dramatic representations. Now, I apprehend, the following were some of those objects.

First, to refine the language of a country, by making it conform to the harmony of poetry.

Now, SHAKSPEARE has not done this; he has rather added to the barbarisms of language than refined it; for his language is crabbed, and in a great measure obsolete even at the time he wrote

it; and if his writings possess any harmony or grammar, they are indebted to the various men who have, at sundry times, edited his works.

Secondly, dramatic representations contemplated, at the first establishment of them, the inculcation of morality and beneficent and generous feelings; to depict prosperous vice in its deformity, and suffering virtue in its beauty; securing to the former its final misery and punishment, and to the latter its exaltation and reward.

In all these respects SHAKSPEARE'S plays fall infinitely short, and rather serve for a direct contrary tendency. Instead of moral characters, his plays abound with lechery and drunkenness; instead of exalting and rewarding virtue, he dishonours and debases her; and, on the other hand, in most instances, he permits villany and vice to pass unpunished; as in the case of the infamous IAGO, who, having contributed mainly to the murder of three innocent persons, and murders the fourth himself, is allowed to escape with impunity! In short, his plays detail a series of drunkenness, bawdiness, and blood. Foreigners, at any rate, know how to appreciate these prominent and principal features of SHAKSPEARE; and the following opinion of RANIERI, the great Italian critic and poet, is so complete, and bears so strongly upon the subject, that it requires no apology from me for inserting it at full.

“The English nation, proud and free, likes to be singular in every thing, even in point of tragedy; she has in this matter adopted, as in her government, a particular constitution, which she preserves in spite

of all that can be blamed in it; SHAKSPEARE is the creator of it. According to him the theatrical unities are but useless chains; he laughs at the ancient tragics, and never cares for the Greek poets, our models; he therefore flies with his own wings. He created monsters, but he made them original; in his pieces, farces and nonsense are mixed with poisons and poniards, and buffoons with tyrants; people laugh at one scene and weep at another. He does not trouble himself about admiring nature: he presents her *wild, ferocious, and coarse*; just as the English were at that time. He made great use of *ghosts and devils, and murders as much as he can*, and with all possible *rage, brutality, and horror*; and when he fears that the audience may not be enough moved, he even ransacks hell to seek the means of touching their hearts. He mixes prose with verse, the trivial with the sublime, and shows himself extreme in every way. His successors attempted vainly to imitate him; the elegant Dryden, Rowe as *tender as an Englishman can be*, the unequalled Otway, the cold and political Addison, were not possessed of his genius,—fierce and wild, but original.

“The English Æschylus still governs the stage; and although his countrymen are more civilised and enlightened, he still frightens them, fills them with dread, and causes their hair to stand on end; for if he be *repugnant to reason*, if he *shock common sense*, he does not, for it, touch the heart less.

“The English blame his *defects*, his *absurdities*, his *gross indecencies*; and in the meanwhile, half through *national prejudice*, and half through the

interest they inspire, his representations are crowded with people. But this man had no school, and when he died it seems that the English Melpomene said,

“ Thus far extends, thus far thy bounds,
O English stage !”

The second objection is, “ that the monopoly “ which the writings of SHAKSPEARE have secured, “ is injurious to the reign or *future* rise of “ dramatic poetry.”

Important as this objection is, very little can be said upon it. Monopoly in poetry is as equally injurious to the genius of poets, as the monopoly of food is injurious to the happiness of a people. For as long as it exists, a poetic genius meets with an insuperable barrier to all efforts in the drama, and he is deterred from every exertion by this brief consideration. “ If,” says he, “ I write like “ SHAKSPEARE, I shall be called a vile imitator, “ and probably a plagiarist ; if I do not, I cannot “ expect to meet with success.” And thus upon the very threshold he is stopped, and probably all his wishes are blasted for ever. Thus it is that the English nation has but ONE tragic writer, allowed by fashion and false taste to move, with all his monstrous absurdities, in a sphere which, like the magic circle, paralyses every adventuring spirit that approaches it.

These are *my* reasons, and if they be just, I think every writer should endeavour to remove the dramatic nuisance ; for, if SHAKSPEARE’s plays possess every merit, and each merit were in the superlative degree, and the whole of his writings

were absolutely entitled to the blind preference which has been so long given to them, even then the monopoly would be prejudicial to the higher classes of poetic composition; but when the intrinsic merits of his plays, as a *whole*, are so defective, base and cowardly must that writer be who still joins in the cuckoo sort of commendation everlastingly heaped upon the "*Immortal Bard*."

"VAST INCREASE OF POPULATION."

The decay of population is the greatest evil that a state can suffer; and the improvement of it, is the object which ought, in all countries, to be aimed at, in preference to every other political purpose whatsoever.—*Paley*.

THIS, with nine-tenths of the people, even in BABYLON, is the assigned *cause* of all the misery and degradation that unfortunately cover the once happy land of England. If you complain of the viciousness and depravity of the age, of the increase of crime, of the enlargement of old jails, and the erection of new; if you deplore the wretched life of the labourer, and lament that his industry is not available to his necessities, nor his honesty scarcely a recommendation to his character; if these things are deplored, the answer you meet with is, that they are all owing to the "vast increase of population." And such people invariably trace the effects up to their causes, with as great a precision as a son can trace his pedigree up to his grandfather: they place the matter thus before you: crime (for such people deny not the increase of crime) is the offspring of *misery*, misery the child of *want of labour*, and want of labour originates from *too many hands*. Thus perfectly consecutive in their mode of arguing, they trace every thing regularly up to the "vast increase of population."

Formerly, an increase of population was looked upon by all philosophers, moralists, and statesmen, as being a great blessing, essential to the strength and renown of every nation, strictly conformable to the laws of nature and of God, and eminently calculated to promote the happiness of man. But now, in these times of vice and wickedness, this, which has always been the boast and desire of every other nation of the world, is a thing which *statesmen* of England, yes, of "*Old England*," lament and deplore; and to remove which, the most hard and callous-hearted plans have been proposed. A church parson and a lawyer have proposed that laws should be passed to check population; that is, a law to be passed to prevent the fulfilment of the first law of God, equally binding upon men and animals! This proposal not succeeding, a Secretary of State, Mr. WILMOT HORTON, proposed that the people should be torn from their native land, their homes, and their friends, and be sent in ship-loads to the cold and woody regions of Canada.

Now, at the first blush of the matter, however, it seems *literally impossible* that there can be *too many hands*, unless, indeed, there are more hands than there are *acres*; in such a case, it might be said that there are too many of the former. But, when it is notorious that there are more acres of land in *England* alone, than there are people in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, it is preposterous to talk about *too many hands*. For, if this were really the case, if there were really *too many hands*, this nation has arrived at that state

when it would be *merciful* in the Deity to inflict it with his direst and severest afflictions, plagues and famine, for the purpose of sweeping from the face of the earth that which is the *cause* of misery and crime, the former so painful to the creature, and the latter so hateful to the Creator. I say, therefore, that if there be too great a population, it would be an act of mercy in God to send amongst us plagues and famine, that the nation might be relieved from so afflicting a cause of misery and of crime.

But, I deny that this nation has increased in population; that is, I deny that there are more people in England now than there were five hundred years ago; and, however Mr. HORTON or SIR FRANCIS BURDETT may think to the contrary, I will *prove* what I assert. But, in doing this, I call to my aid the writings of that Hercules in politics, Mr. COBBETT, who has unceremoniously laid hold of this great national falsehood, and, according to the opinions of all sensible men, has strangled it to death. The letter from which I take the following extract was addressed to Mr. MALTHUS in the year 1823, and is, I think, a triumphant answer to what that *reverend gentleman* had the hardness of heart to promulgate. This parson's authority, thank God, the returning good sense of Englishmen teaches them to despise, and since the writings of Mr. COBBETT have appeared, the Malthusian doctrines and their author have sunk into positive contempt. But, now for this extract, which I make no apology for inserting at length.

" There is an opinion existing, that the people of these islands have, *of late years, greatly increased in number*. This is a *singular* thing upon the very face of it. *Why* should it be? There seems, as Mr. GODWIN says, '*no reason*' for such an opinion. But, it prevails, and to appear to *doubt of the fact* is likely to excite wonder amongst the greater part of companies. Yet, *why* should it be? *Why* should English people take, all at once, or, of late years, to breeding *more than formerly*? *Why* should they *die less* in proportion to the births? In short, *why* should they *increase in number*?

" Never was such a thing suspected till you wrote your *book on population*. You found the boroughmongers greatly puzzled to account for the *increase of the paupers*; and you invented for their use this increase of population. It was plain enough that the people had been made paupers by the robberies committed on them by the means of paper-money; it was plain enough, that paper-money and taxes had produced the increase of paupers; but this was not a pleasant thing to tell the boroughmongers, to please whom there must be some cause found out that cast no blame upon them. Hence your book, to prove, that *men increase faster than the means of feeding them*, unless there be some '*restraint*' on them, as to their *marrying and breeding*. This was a grand discovery for the boroughmongers; and, it was still better, when you found out, that it was right to *check* this increase of population by *cutting off parish relief*! This was delightful. What an excellent parson, to make such a humane discovery for the boroughmongers!

" Your assertions were these; first, that there is a principle which is continually at work to cause an increase of population; second, that it is necessary that this principle should be checked; third, that in England it has not been checked, but, on the contrary, encouraged by the giving of parish relief to the poor; fourth, that this encouragement was the cause of great evil to the country; fifth, that it caused the paupers to increase in number and the poor rates to increase in amount; sixth, that a law ought to be passed to prevent any relief being given to people who should marry after such a day, or to the children proceeding from any marriage taking place after such a day. Here, however, I must take your own words. Those infamous words are these: '*To this end I should propose a regulation to be made, declaring, that no child*

'born from any marriage taking place after the expiration of a year from the date of the law; and no illegitimate *child* from two years from the same date, should ever be entitled to parish assistance. After the public notice which I have proposed had been given, to the punishment of nature HE should be left; the punishment of severe want: all parish assistance shall be rigidly denied him. HE should be taught that the laws of nature had doomed him and *his family* to starve; that HE had no claim on society for the smallest portion of food; that if HE and *his family* were saved from suffering the utmost extremities of hunger, he would owe it to the pity of some kind benefactor, to whom HE ought to be bound by the strongest ties of gratitude.'

"I will not stop here to notice the unintelligible language of this proposition. I shall remark upon that, perhaps, by-and-by. What I have here to do is, to show the falsehood of the assertions and the baseness of the propositions founded on those assertions. Mr. GODWIN gives you and your patrons credit for humanity of motive. I give you no such credit. Why am I to believe that your motives are not bad, when I find your doctrines false and your recommendations unjust and cruel?

"The foundation of this mass of falsehood and cruelty is the assertion that the population of England has, of late years, *greatly increased*. I deny this fact; and I am sure you can produce nothing in proof of it, except those *Population Returns*, for the full value of which (when we have ascertained the value), I am quite willing to give you credit. Having asserted this increase of population, you next say, the population naturally will increase, if not checked. Instead of being checked in England, it has been increased by poor rates. Let us, therefore, put an end to poor rates; and then comes the diabolical proposition above quoted.

"I shall talk to you by-and-by about the *Law of Nature*; but first let us pursue this question of an increase of population. You say that this population is increased by the poor rates. Can you tell me how it happens that it has not gone on increasing from the same cause ever since the poor rates began to exist? Can you tell me that? Can you tell me why the poor rates should have begun to produce this effect only of late years? You can tell me no such a thing. You can give no reason why the increase should not have been going on from the time that the poor rates were first enacted. You can give no reason why this increase should not have been re-

gularly going on. In short, if it have been going on of late years, and going on from this cause, it must have *always* been going on, for before the poor rates were enacted, indigent persons were relieved by the parish priests and by the convents. If, therefore, to relieve the indigent be to cause an increase of population in the country, this increase must have been going on in England for upwards of seven hundred years! Now, what a pretty swarm, if your principle and if the Population Returns, if these Returns and if your principle were worth a straw, what a pretty swarm we should be at this moment! The poor laws, themselves, have been going on upwards of two hundred years; and if, during that time, your principle has been at work producing an increase, such as the Returns tell us has been produced during the last twenty years, there could not have been existing in all England above a *hundred or two pairs of breeders*, in the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth! The last Population Return must have fixed the thing in the mind of every man not resolved to be a dupe; but of this I shall have to say a great deal more by-and-by.

"I before asked why there should be all of a sudden, such an increase of the English people. I do not ask what is the good of it, or what is the bad of it; but I here ask simply why it should be. There is no reason to be given for it, which will not equally well apply to every nation of Europe. We may as well pretend that the weather has grown better of late years, in England; but not in other countries of Europe. We may as well pretend this, as to pretend that your principle of population has been at work here, while it has not been at work amongst the continental nations. Upon the face of the thing, then, we should say, *this cannot be true*. There cannot have been an increase of people in all these countries at one and the same time. They have been engaged in wars for thirty years past, and so have we. What in God's name should cause us all to have increased in numbers, during all these wars? What proof have we of any such increase? All the appearances are against such a presumption. Either the churches of this country were built for the purpose of standing empty; or, at least, those who built them, were most prodigal of their labour and their money; either this was the case; or this country was, at one time, much more populous, throughout the far greater part of it, than it now is.

"No doubt Lancashire, part of Yorkshire, and some other parts,

are more populous than they formerly were. No doubt this is the case with regard to the four counties joining up to the WEN. The last war drew together great swarms round the sea-ports. But as to the *kingdom in general*, where are the marks of an increasing population? In a Return laid before Parliament in 1818, containing an account of the benefices and population, and also an account of the state of the churches and the chapels; in this Return we find several churches, several scores and hundreds of good fat benefices, where there is now, in some places, *scarcely any population at all*. And a great number of churches and of good fat livings, where the whole of the population, according to the Population Return, does not amount to *two hundred persons*. In many cases, the population does not amount to thirty. I have my eye now upon five parishes in Dorsetshire. They all stand following each other upon the list. *Almer*, population 160; *St. Andrew in Milbourne*, population 200; *Ashmore*, population 153; *Askewell*, 197; *Athelhampton with Burleston*, 30; *Bittiscombe*, 70; each of these places has a church, each of them is a benefice. *Athelhampton with Burleston*, which contains only 30 people observe, has both a church and a chapel. So that, here are 810 people all taken together, and they have amongst them six churches and a chapel; that is to say, one place of worship for every 115 persons; and of course, for about every forty or fifty grown up persons. Now, is it to be believed, parson, that these churches were built for the use of a population like this? Is it to be believed that the churches were built solely for the purpose of finding out an easy life for the parsons that were to be put into them? It appears that, according to their own confession, the livings of four of these parishes bring 600 pounds a-year. The worth of the two others is not mentioned; and they are not mentioned expressly because they are worth more than 150 pounds a-year each. Give these two livings 500 pounds a-year each, and then you have 1600 pounds a-year given to parsons to take care of the souls of 810 men, women, and children. It is impossible to believe that such a thing ever was intended. No: these churches were built because there was a population that demanded churches. In the next column of the Return, there are the following parishes: *Buckland Ripers*, population 61; *Catherston*, 20; *Charborough*, 26; *Chilborough West*, 44; *Chilcombe*, 22; *Compton Abbas*, 40; *Farnham*, 56; *Hammooon*, 40; *Hinton Paver*, 26. Now, it is curious enough

that these are all rectorial parishes, and that three of them are very large livings. Here are nine parishes, and nine parish churches, for the sake of taking care of the souls of three hundred and thirty-five men, women, and children; so that here are only thirty-seven souls and a fraction to one parson. Just stepping into the next county, Wilts, we find the parish of *Bremhillham* with a population of 16; *Calloes*, 20; *Calstone*, 29; *Chalfield Magna*, 16; *Draycot Foliot*, 38; *Foxley*, 45; *Langford Paver*, 20; *Pertwood*, 20; *Rollstone*, 39; *Sharncut*, 8. Here are ten parishes, all rectorial livings, except Rollstone, four of them are livings which, according to the Return, yield about 400 pounds a-year amongst them. But the other six are large livings. Let me explain this matter. The Return was to specify the value of no living that was ABOVE 150 pounds a-year! Why not? Why not specify the worth of those *above* as well as those *below* 150 pounds a-year? Why the reason was, to be sure, to keep from the knowledge of the public the value of these rich livings.

“To proceed, then, here are ten livings, worth, in all probability, more than four thousand pounds a-year, to take care of the souls of 152 persons, amounting to about sixteen pounds per soul, per annum. It is monstrous to suppose that these parishes were founded and these churches built, without twenty times the population. In one of the parishes, *Draycot Foliot*, where the living is a large living, too, there is no church at all. The people, if they go to church, go somewhere else, and the parson still gets the money. In numerous instances there are no churches at all; but though the church is gone, and the people, too, the fat living remains.

“It is impossible to look at these things, and not to see that one part of the nation has been depopulated to increase the population of another part. I have given the list of about twenty parishes here, which have become nearly depopulated. I could give a list of about four thousand parishes in England and Wales, for the present population of which, every man must be convinced that a church would never have been built. Churches, indeed, could not have been built by a population not exceeding that of the present day. How were 70 or 80 or 100 persons to build a church; one-half of them being females, to begin with, and two-thirds of the other half being babies, boys or old men. How were churches to be built by a population like this? It is, therefore, manifest, that the agricultural population of the country has greatly decreased,

There would have been no sense in building the churches ; to have built them would have been downright brutal folly, if the population had not been beyond all measure greater than it is now in the villages throughout the greater part of the country.

“ When people see new houses, they are apt to think, that they see signs of increase ; and this they certainly do see, where they see the *boundaries* of towns and cities extend themselves ; where they see whole towns rising up here and there as round this WEN. But, to see new houses building in towns and villages is no sign of increase, any more than it is to see wheat stacks building in a farm yard. It is true, these are new stacks ; but they only come to replace others that are just taken away. Houses are continually wearing out ; and if, upon going through a town or a village, you do not see one new house ; one house built this very year ; one of these for every forty houses that the town or village contains ; you may set down that town or village as being in a *state of decay*. In mere villages, where the houses are weak, there ought to be *one new one out of every twenty* : for these frail houses do not last, upon an average, above twenty years.

“ Let any man take these observations for his guide ; let him go through the country towns and villages ; particularly those to the westward, once so populous. Let him take notice of the tumbling-down houses ; of the totally dismantled small farm houses. Let him look at the little barns, and yards that were formerly homesteads, and that are now become mere cattle sheds. Let him look at that which was the farm house, but which is now become the miserable abode of two or three labourers and their families, who are perishing with hunger, cold, and nakedness, beneath that roof where ease and happiness dwelt, until the accursed paper-money system laid its fangs upon the country. All these small farm houses have disappeared ; and yet the villages have grown smaller and smaller. The accursed paper-money has drawn the wretched people into crowded masses. All the laws have had the same tendency. That mixture of agricultural with manufacturing pursuits, which was so favourable to the health and morals of the people and to their ease and comfort, at the same time ; this is gone from the villages and country towns ; and the population is gone along with it ; and gone, too, to become a sort of slaves, regularly drilled to their work, and kept at it very nearly literally under the lash.

“Accordingly, there is scarcely a village, at a distance from fundholders, manufacturing rendezvouses, watering-places, sea-ports, or barracks : there is scarcely a village at a distance from all these which contains a *fourth part* of the people that it formerly contained. I have mentioned above twenty parishes by name. In most of these parishes, two or three farmers have come and swallowed up farms, formerly occupied by probably fifty farmers. Nothing is more common than to see a man occupying land, which formed, not more than thirty, forty, or fifty years ago, *twenty farms*. Three, four, or five farms made into one, is a thing to be seen every where. And yet, as I observed before, the population of the villages is decreased. In going through a village, in almost any part of the country, except where the funds or the manufacturing establishments have an influence, you are sure to see ten houses almost falling down, for every one that you see building. In numerous instances, I found, in my rides during the last fall, houses quitted, from the danger of their falling down ; and I very seldom found that any new house was building in the stead. I went into scarcely any agricultural village, where I did not see the old bricks and other rubbish of a house or two, that had recently stood upon the spot where the rubbish now was. On the outskirts of almost all the villages, you find still remaining *small enclosures of land*, each of which has manifestly had its house formerly. They are generally in pasture at this time ; but, if you look attentively at the ground, you will see unevennesses which show you that here are the relics of the foundations of houses ; while, if you look at the fences, you will see gooseberry, currant, or raspberry bushes, making their appearance here and there. In the middle of such little plots of ground, you frequently see old pear trees or apple trees, or the stumps of them, remaining. All these are so many proofs of a greatly diminished, and still diminishing population.

“It is possible that as much human sustenance may be produced in these agricultural parishes as there used to be, though the number of hands may be much smaller. It is very well known, that horses and tackle now do, in many cases, what was formerly done by the hand of man. But, that there was more land in cultivation formerly than there is now, nobody can doubt. They produce to us the long list of enclosure bills ; but it is curious enough that they never tell us, that the far greater part of this land was cultivated formerly, without any enclosure bill at all. If the Par-

liament would lay out a few thousand pounds of our money, in order to ascertain how many hundreds of thousands of acres of land was in cultivation before the Revolution, more than is in cultivation now, I should not grudge that money, as I do the money laid out in Population Returns. However, the great proof; the *undeniable* proof of depopulation, throughout a considerable part of the kingdom, is this fact; that there are nearly a third part of the whole of the churches, which, if the population were the same, when the churches were built that it is now, those churches were built by crazy people. They were built without any reason for building them. Many of them stand within a mile of each other; and it frequently happens, that the two parishes do not now contain people enough, allowing for sick people, and little children, and for those that must stay at home to take care of the house or of the cattle: it frequently happens that the two parishes do not, if you make these allowances, contain people enough to fill one pew! It is monstrous, then, to suppose that these parishes have not, in a great measure, been depopulated. How are we to believe that people could have built churches unless there had been numbers sufficient to fill them! It is not in one, two, or three, but in *hundreds of instances*, that the churches are now *wholly gone*; and the people are left to straggle to the next parish church, while the parson, however, takes care to sack the amount of the benefice, notwithstanding the notorious fact, that, when tithes were founded, a fourth part of them was allotted to the building, the repairing, and the beautifying of the churches. All this seems now to be forgotten. The churches are, in many cases, suffered to tumble down; the parson continues to pocket the amount of the tithes; and the paternal government brags of the increase of its family.

“The *size*, the size of the churches; this alone would be enough to convince any man of sound judgment, that there has been a prodigious decrease of the population of a great part of the kingdom. The curious Return, of which I have spoken above, professes to have in view to ascertain *how many people the several churches will hold*. So that, one naturally is inclined to look with a good deal of curiosity to what is said upon this subject, in cases where the population is reduced to a mere nothing. Let us take a little list here. The parish of BREMHILLHAM contains *sixteen* persons altogether. The parish is a rectory. The parson is required to write down, ‘number of persons they can contain;’ that is to say, number of persons the

churches can contain. Now, this parson of BREMHILLHAM states in his answer, that his church will contain '*the population*;' that is to say, his church is capable of holding *sixteen persons*, supposing the whole of the people of the parish to be at church at one time. Now, 16 grown up men can stand up in a space *four feet square*. We know that six can sit in a stage coach; and yet this parson tells us, that his church 'can contain the population' of his parish. What, then, is there a *double meaning* here? Is there a little bit of the Jesuit played off among us sincere Protestants? The church *can* contain the population; but the pious pastor does not say that it can contain *no more*. But, this was not the question: the question was, *what number of persons they can contain*; that is to say, how many persons can your church contain? This is the amount of the question; and, notwithstanding this, it is stated, in this Return, that the church can contain '*the population*,' in the case of scores of parishes, where the population is *under forty*. Perhaps there is not a church in England, the porch of which would not hold twenty men. Certainly not one, the chancel of which would not hold a hundred men, standing upright; and perhaps there is not one that would not hold more than three hundred. We have seen above that there are *eight* people living in SHARNCUT; in the Return the *rector* (for this is a rectorial living,) says that *his church can hold eight people*! And this he signs with his name; and it is sent by the bishop; and the bishop sends it to the King in council; and the King in council lays it before Parliament. So that, here is the Parliament informed, and here is the nation taxed to pay for the printing of the information, that there is a church at SHARNCUT in Wiltshire, that '*can contain*' eight living souls; a whole eight of them at one and the same time. After this it must be a pretty beastly people to be guided by these Returns. The thing to remark with regard to this Return, is the cavalier-like impudence of it. It is manifest that the question was intended to get an account of what number each church would contain, when it was sufficiently filled. There was no sense in the question if this was not the object of it; and, yet, here is a man to take his pen and write down the figure eight, against this question, and send it off to the bishop without any ceremony. In all probability his church would contain *several hundreds* of persons. I never yet saw a church that would not. It is very seldom, indeed, that the mean-

est and most miserable country church is less, in the clear, than fifty feet long. Cut off a bit for a belfry and leave a piece for the communion table, and you have still a room thirty feet long, at least, and from fifteen to twenty feet wide. Two rows of people, sitting on benches up the middle of this room will make threescore. There are about fifteen or sixteen pews generally in such a place: It must be a miserable hole that has not a gallery to contain a hundred. Add a few cross benches here and there. But, why need I make any such calculations, when it is notorious, that Methodist meeting houses, not a quarter part so big as the smallest church in the kingdom, contain two or three hundred persons each.

“ It is impossible, then, to believe any thing in these Returns, if the facts stated make in favour of the parties. When they were compelled to state that the parish contained but *eight* people, and, in other cases, sixteen, twenty, thirty, forty, and so on. When they were putting down these numbers, it would have been awkward to say that the church was capable of containing *two or three hundred persons*; for, that would naturally lead the mind back, as my mind is now led back, to the question: *What where these churches built for?* Then I proceed to ask; What, in God’s name, were the tithes granted for, in cases like these? And, since the population is gone; since there are no souls to take care of; why are there benefices wherewith to maintain parsons? If our population be increasing too fast, why not check it amongst the breed of parsons? If the population be removed, so that the churches are not wanted in the places where they were built, and that churches are wanted in other places: if this be the case, *why tax the people* for the building of new churches? Why not take the amount of the tithes in those parishes where there are no churches now, or from which the population has departed, *why not take the amount of these tithes, and expend them on the building of these new churches, and in finding parsons for these new churches?* At CATESBY in Northamptonshire, there are a hundred and seventeen people; the living is a rich vicarage: but there is neither church nor chapel. At STUTBY in the same county, which is a rectorial living, which contains thirty-two people, there is neither church nor chapel. At HORNFIELD, and at MARTINSTHORP in Rutlandshire, there is neither church nor chapel. The former parish contains twenty-seven people, and the latter parish contains *five* people. But the livings are worth

something. According to the confession of the parson himself the care of the five souls yields him sixty-six pounds a-year ! That is to say, twelve pounds ten shillings per annum per soul ! The parish of HASLEBURY in Wiltshire has written against it as follows : “ A rectory : a very small parish, two or three families. No church “ or chapel : the parishioners go to Box.” This Box is an adjoining parish. But it is clear that they must go to the devil, if they had nothing for it but their own church. “ *A very small parish,*” the parson says, but he does not say very small tithes. The amount of the tithes is *left blank*. That amount is, therefore, confessed to be *above a hundred and fifty pounds a-year* ; this is confessed by the sum being left blank ; and it may be six or seven hundreds a-year, and very probably is.

“ Here, then, we have a pretty scene ! Parishes in great numbers, without any churches at all, while the people are taxed to build new churches elsewhere ; but while these rectors and vicars still retain all the tithes in the places where they have suffered the churches to tumble down. Nay, while this has been going on ; while the churches have been tumbling down, and the parsons receiving the tithes at the same time ; while two or three livings have been suffered to be possessed by one and the same parson, a hundred thousand pounds a-year have been voted out of the public money, *for the relief of the poor parsons of this church !* And never have you, PARSON MALTHUS, proposed to check the breeding of these parsons, or to *leave them* to the law of nature.

“ To return, for a moment, to the churches, Mr. WHITE, in his account of SELBORNE, observes, that the population of the parish must have been much greater formerly than it was when he wrote, because, says he, the church is now so much larger than is necessary to hold the parishioners. I should stop here to express my acknowledgments to two gentlemen who have had the great goodness to send me a copy, each of them, of Mr. WHITE's book, which I have read with great attention, and in which I have found a great deal of entertainment. Mr. WHITE wrote in the year 1788 or thereabouts. He says that the parish must have been much more populous than it then was, seeing that the church was *much too large for the number of inhabitants*. He says, also, that the burying-ground was once larger than it is, or, rather, than it was when he wrote. He gives an account of six or seven mills having been, where there was no mill at all, at the time when he wrote.

It is curious enough, that in the Return, of which I have spoken above, which was sent by the bishops to the King in Council, and by the King in Council to the Parliament; in this Return it is stated, that the parish of SELBORNE contains 770 persons; and that the church will contain 560 persons! This is a droll affair! Here this half-depopulated village has not got a church big enough to hold its people; though in 1788, Mr. WHITE, the vicar of the parish, said that the church was a great deal too big. Perhaps, indeed, those who made out this Return, might, if you were to put it home to them, say that they meant the church would contain the 560 persons; but that they did not mean that it was not big enough for a parish of 770 persons, seeing that not one-half of the people are ever at church at one and the same time. However we have, in this case, the *dimensions of the church*, which Mr. WHITE says, leaving out the chancel, is fifty-four feet long and forty-seven feet wide. He says there are three aisles, which, I suppose, are each about forty feet long. A double row seated up these aisles would hold about 240 persons. The area of the church is 2538 square feet. So that supposing there to be neither gallery nor bench of any sort, here are three square feet and a quarter upon the pavement for every soul in the parish. And yet this return says that the church will *hold* 560 people; and if the Return be not perfectly Jesuitical, it must mean that the church will hold no more than 560. Thus, then, we have seen what these Returns are worth; that is to say, we have seen, that they are never to be relied upon in any case, except where they tell against the wishes of the parties who make them.

“The size of the churches is a thing of great consequence. We find them, throughout the agricultural part of the country, to be out of all reason too large. I have shown that there are many hundreds of parishes, the whole population of each of which might be placed in the *porches* of the church. I have given instances of several parishes, the present population of each of which might be put into a stage coach. I have given instances, or, at least, have stated that there are hundreds and hundreds of parishes, the present population of each of which do not amount to a hundred; and that there are several thousands of parishes, the present population of which does not amount to two hundred. There were about ten thousand churches in England; and, at this very moment, the whole of the present population could, except in those parts where men have been drawn together by the paper-money, be not only

accommodated with these churches ; but, with the help of a little straw in each parish, actually hidden under the roofs of these churches.

“ Back I come then, after exhibiting all these very suspicious circumstances relative to these Clerical Returns ; back I come to inquire once more, what ground there can be for supposing that the population of England has increased. Here we have a whole list of parishes actually wasting away to nothing. This is a fact that it is impossible to deny ; and yet you, and your patrons, the borough-mongers, insist upon it that there is an increase of the population ; and, what is more, a great part of the public believe you.

“ After these instances, are we to believe in an *increase* of our population without any reason for such belief, and after all that we have seen above, tending to an opposite conclusion ? There is no reason why there should have been an increase of population ; and all the proof that we have on this subject, rests upon *three population returns*, laid before the House of Commons, and published by the order of that House. According to these returns, the population, that is to say, the number of persons, in England alone has increased, since the year 1801, from 8,331,192, to 11,261,437 ; that is to say, to speak in round numbers, there has been an addition of *three* millions made ; an addition of three millions to *eight* millions *in the course of twenty years* ! A falsehood so monstrous as this ; a lie so glaring, never, I believe was put upon paper before. Out of what cause it arose, is not for me to say ; but mind, here is a country which it is pretended, in these same Returns, did not contain quite five millions of people in the year 1700. Here is this country, which took a *hundred years* to make the five millions into eight millions ; here is the same country making the *eight* millions into *eleven* millions, in the course of twenty years !!! Bang ! Bang ! Bang ! Let the world produce us the like of this if it can. The country had, according to these return-makers, but five millions of people in it in 1700 ; and yet this same country, actually *adds* to its numbers three millions in the course of the *last twenty years* ! And then, pray, credulous public, do observe, that the numbers increase just as much in the last twenty years, as they increased during a hundred years before ! But, *upon the face of the thing*, without going into any inquiry about it, without any argument or any fact, is it not monstrous to attempt to make us believe that a population of eight millions has swelled up to eleven millions in the course of twenty years, one half

of which years have been years of *war*, and the other half years of *distress*, and, during the whole of which there has been emigration going on from this country to the United States of America, and no emigration going on from other countries to this? Is not this a monstrous proposition? Is it a thing to be believed, though upon the oaths of fifty thousand return-makers? If we can believe this, we may believe that there may be a hundred millions of people in England in the course of a couple of centuries more. Indeed there must be, if this increase go on; and why it should not go on, if the present story be true, no man can give us a reason.

"Then, if we *take a look back*, we shall find, that in 1600 there could have been only about a couple of millions of people in the country; that a couple of hundred years before that there could have been no people at all in the country, or, only two or three pairs turned down as breeders, at any rate; and then, how the devil *came the churches!* They were built *four hundred years before that*; and will you, PARSON, undertake to make us believe that the churches were built without there being any body to go to them; that they were built, too, without hands, and that they bred people in their bellies; that they made the people, and that the people did not make them? Will you undertake to persuade us to this, Parson? Yet this you must undertake, and you must succeed in it, too, before you can make us believe that England contained eight millions of people in 1801, and eleven millions of people in 1821.

"Upon the face of the thing it is false. If a man were to come and tell you that all his mares had taken to have two foals at a time instead of one; or that they had taken to breed every nine months in place of every eleven months; you would not believe him the sooner for his swearing to it, or for his bringing any account of it upon paper, signed by his bailiff and his carter. You would say: No, no, my friend: you are, doubtless, a very honest fellow; but you and your people are all mad. Yet, your population story is not a bit less incredible than would be this fellow's story about his mares. If we have been increasing at this rate, can you contrive to hatch a reason why the French *should not have increased at the same rate?* Not you indeed. I defy all the parsons that ever sucked down tithe-pig, to give us a reason for believing that the French have not been increasing as well as we. Seeing, therefore, that we have got from eight to eleven millions during the last

twenty years, it follows, of course, that the French who stood estimated at about thirty millions at the time that we had eight, must now have upwards of thirty-seven millions! The rest of the nations of Europe (unless you can show us a reason to the contrary), must have gone on augmenting their population at the same rate. Thus, then, Europe has received more than a fourth of addition to its population within the last twenty years; and it happens that, just at the end of these twenty years, our population-increasing Ministry are proclaiming, that, throughout the whole of Europe, there is an OVER PRODUCTION OF HUMAN FOOD; and that this over production is so great, as to produce a series of calamities, which, in one particularly unhappy part of our own country, has led to *innumerable deaths by starvation!*

“Again, therefore, I say, that, upon the face of it, the population story is false. You will say, “WHY; why should all these people make out false returns?” I do not say that they have all made out false returns. I do not charge any particular person with making false returns. I can see motives enough for swelling out the numbers: I see the old frog in the fable plain enough: but this is not my affair: my affair is the fact. There have been three Returns made out. I am about to prove that the first, or the second, **MUST BE FALSE**; and having shown that, I may, I think, laugh at the third.

“The public will observe, that, prior to the year 1801, *there is no proof* pretended to be in existence. All before that time is matter of *estimate*; and those who have read the book of the thief-catching Doctor COLQUHOUN, will be able to form a judgment of what sort of work, in a case like this, *estimating* is. In short, it is just what a man pleases to make it. He wants to come at a certain point. If the basis of his estimate does not bring him to this point, he alters the basis; that is all. But in the year 1801, we came to an *actual enumeration of the people*. Here there was no estimating. The querists were to go from house to house, they were to take an account of every man, woman, and child, and write it down. From each parish they were to send this account to the Government. Each account was to be signed by the parson, and by the parish officers. Now, then, here was truth, to be sure. In 1811, there came another Return; and, if there be any man in his senses, in England, to deny that one of these two contains a lie, England must contain a more profligately impudent wretch than any other country upon earth.

"We are now going to see a piece of lying, which is a real curiosity. The reader will please to observe, that the two Returns were not made out in exactly the same form. The columns in the first Return, as far as they related to numbers of persons, stood thus:—

"Persons chiefly employed in agriculture.

"Persons chiefly employed in trade, manufactures, or handicraft.

"All other persons, not comprised in the two preceding classes.

"Total number of persons.

"I beg the reader to pay attention to this; because, as he will soon see, the detection of this great national lie; of this grand, this superb humbug, turns, in a great measure, upon this distribution of persons. Between the year 1801 and the year 1811, I wrote several articles in the Register, upon the subject of the poor rates and the population. I combated you, PARSON MALTHUS, by the means of this very Return of 1801. Here, said I, is cause enough for the sufferings of the labourers, and the increase of the poor rates. But, stop: I am before my story. I must, before I go any further, state the particulars of the Return of 1801.

Persons chiefly employed in Agriculture....	1,524,227
Persons chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures and Handicraft	1,789,531
All other persons, not comprised in the two preceding classes	5,017,434
Total of Persons..	<u>8,331,192</u>

"Here, said I; here is quite enough to account for the misery of the labouring classes, and for the increase of the poor rates. Here are five millions of idlers to three millions and a third of people doing work of any sort whatever! Here are five idlers to three and a third of working people. No wonder that we see so much misery! And, then, I appeal to *you*, in the most pathetic strains. "Come, come, blessed PARSON MALTHUS, come! Come with thy check-population powers, and do put a stop to the breeding of these five millions of idlers, lest they, in the words of Holy Writ, "*swallow us up quick!*" But you, PARSON MALTHUS, instead of listening to me, persevered in your project for diminishing the increase of the labourers; and that project went on till,

at last, it came out in a sort of tapering dribble, from Lawyer SCARLETT.

“ However, this was a shocking picture to exhibit to the nation. It was really a horrible sight, to behold *five millions of idlers* sucking away the blood and sweat of three millions of industrious persons. Five drones to three bees was making it the devil of a hive to live in. That famous old lady the Bank of England had brought her family to a fine pass. At last, the time came for making out *another Return*; and now let us see how that Return was managed. Let us see, also, how it squared with the first Return.

“ A *new mode* of making out the Return was fallen upon. An *increase of population we were to have, of course!* But, what we had to look at was to see whether the idlers *increased or decreased*. When the new Return came out in 1811, I was in *great haste to get it*; because, having taunted the system so many times with its *five millions of idlers*, I suspected that the new Return would *cause the number of idlers to diminish*. With great eagerness, therefore, I twirled over the leaves of this Return as soon as I got it. Ah! the return-makers have been too cunning for me; or, at least, the new Return was calculated to *bother me*. I expected to find the Return made out in the same manner that it was made out before. There were before, agricultural persons, 1,524,227; trade, &c. 1,789,531; all others, 5,017,434. Very well, said I; now let us see what the present *numbers of persons* compared with those of 1801. Oh, no! The new Return *took care that I should not see this!* It did not speak of *persons*, as before, but of FAMILIES! Why this change? What was it for? The answer will suggest itself to the reader in a minute.

“ The new Return stood thus :—

<i>Families in Agriculture</i>	697,353
<i>Families in Trade, Manufactures, &c.</i> ..	923,588
<i>All other Families</i>	391,450

Total of *Persons*.. 9,538,827

“ Here is a pretty change in the space of ten years! The idlers were five millions out of eight in 1801. Consequently the families of idlers would at that time have contained five in number for every three of both the other classes!. Pray mark this. If the

Return of 1801 had stated families instead of persons, there must have been five families of idlers, to three families and a third of the other classes. In short, something approaching towards *twice as many* families as the two other classes contained. But, what the devil do we find, PARSON, in this new Return? Why we find *more than five times* as many families in the two other classes as in this class of idlers! Ten years before there was but a *million and a half* of agricultural people, while there were five millions of idlers. But, in this new Return, there are almost *twice as many* families of the agricultural people as there are of those of the idlers! Ten years before there was only a *million and two-thirds* of persons in trade, handicraft and manufacture; and there were five millions of idlers; but now behold, there are *nine hundred and twenty-three thousand* families of trade and handicraft people; and only, so help me God, *three hundred and ninety-one thousand some odd* families of idlers!

"Now, PARSON, *which* was the lie? Of these two Returns which was the lie, PARSON? To be sure, wonderful is the gullibility of this people; and, therefore, they may believe that both Returns were true; or, at least, there are some amongst them that may. But, before they can believe this they must believe two things; not that black is white and that white is black; but something a great deal more incredible than that. The increase of the population, during the ten years that we have just been speaking of, is stated at a *seventh*, a pretty good increase; but never mind that. The labouring classes must, therefore, *as to number of persons*, have been, when the last Return was made, 3,787,029. So that, if the first Return was true, and the last Return also, there must, in 1811, have been, amongst the labouring and trading classes, only *two persons* and the third part of another person to *each family*! That is to say, only seven persons, including *lodgers*, to *three families*!

"Such a lie was never put in print, not even in a romance, or any other occasion in the world. The monstrous falseness; the prodigious impudence in this case, puts an end, at once, to all arguing about the thing. One of these two Returns must be false. No one will deny that one of them is false. Which is the *most* false it would be very difficult to say; and yet, I believe, it must be a bold man indeed who would take upon him to say that the last Return is any truer than the falsest of these two.

"I have now, I think, settled the point; not as to what the

number of the people of England really is ; for that would be very difficult to be guessed at, even to be guessed at, I say, by any of these things that have gone under the name of Returns. But I have settled the point, that the statements in these Returns are not worth a straw. If the two first Returns be true, then, in the year 1811, the persons in the families of labourers, journeymen, farmers, tradesmen, manufacturers, and merchants : if those two Returns were true, the persons in a family of these classes could, upon an average, not possibly amount to more than *two* and one-third of another, including lodgers ! So that, if those two Returns were true, there could have been no children at all amongst all these classes ! Now, we know that this was not so. We know, then, that one or the other or both of these Returns *must have been false*. We know that there was a great national lie somewhere in it. As one of those two Returns was a lie, what reason have we to suppose the *third to be true*, when its result is a statement at war with nature, with reason, with common sense ; when, in fact, it inculcates belief in an impossibility ? Upon the face of it, it is false. The more we reflect on it, the more we are convinced of its falsehood. Reason upon it forward or backward ; adopt a belief in it ; pursue that belief to its consequences ; go upwards or downwards ; and the conclusion is so monstrous as to make you blush at your credulity. If the second Return and the third Return be true, two more centuries must see the English people swarming like the lice in Egypt ; and three centuries back (four centuries after the churches were built) there could have been only a single Adam and Eve turned down to breed ! Upon the face of it, again and again I say, the thing is a lie. The *Returns* : these only have you to oppose to every thing like reason upon the subject ; and one out of the first two of these I have proved to be a lie.

“ Thus, then, is the whole fabric of delusion demolished. This great national lie will, doubtless, live for some time to come yet ; but it has now got a blow. It will not be so successful as it was. It will continue to gull those who like to be gulled ; but they are not of a great deal of consequence. I have given the lie a blow, in short, and, in the course of a twelvemonth, I shall have pretty nearly deprived it of its powers of delusion. This, however, is only the *first part* of what I have to address to you. Your doctrine of the *law of nature* is an interesting matter ; and especially at this time, when between sixteen and seventeen hundred men in

the course of a year, are put into prison for endeavouring to catch *wild animals*. No small part of these are sent to prison by *parsons*; and yet you, PARSON MALTHUS, are for leaving them to the *law of nature*; that is to say, you are for leaving them to the law of nature when they come to ask for relief. But you say nothing about leaving them to the law of nature when they are in the pursuit of hares, pheasants, and partridges. These matters, however, must be reserved for another occasion. My business, at present, was the demolition of the Population Lie, in which, at any rate, I have made a very good beginning."

This extract is complete, and although it has been written five years, neither MALTHUS nor any one else has ever attempted to answer it; in short it is unanswerable; and I think, after an attentive reading of it, no man can remain unconvinced, that the Parliamentary Returns and the theory of MALTHUS are false. But unanswerable as all this is, Mr. COBBETT has not gone to the full length requisite to refute the theory of the PARSON; as to the Parliamentary Returns, he has omitted nothing, and has clearly, sensibly, and nervously exposed the falsehood of it; and as far as he goes with the PARSON he has done the same. But MALTHUS's theory is this, "that population unchecked goes on *doubling itself every twenty-five years*, or increases in a geometrical ratio;" this is his theory in his own words, published in the fifth edition of his *ESSAY ON POPULATION*. Now, Mr. COBBETT has not exposed the folly of this theory, so contrary to the doctrines of all the wise men that have ever written upon this matter; consequently I will, if the reader will follow me, endeavour to show briefly how ridiculous this notion is.

Admitting, then, that there were in England

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alone, in 1811, nine millions, in six years more time, namely, in 1835, there will be eighteen millions; so that in two hundred years after that there will be **FOUR THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND EIGHT MILLIONS** of people in England! And if England were to remain two hundred years after that, and not absolutely be sunk into the sea by the immense *weight* that so large a number of human beings would create, this little island would be blessed, according to **MALTHUS's** theory, with *eight hundred and nine thousand two hundred and forty-eight millions of inhabitants*! Preposterous! but, that the reader should see how this mass of human life increases, I will show him, by a progressive sort of table, how the result is produced. In 1835, there will be, if **MALTHUS** be right, 18 millions; so that, reckoning from that year, the table will stand thus:

4 Centuries.	In 1835	There will be.....	18 Millions.
	1935	{ 1st 25 years.....	36 Millions.
		{ 2nd 25 years.....	72 Millions.
		{ 3rd 25 years.....	144 Millions.
		{ 4th 25 years.....	288 Millions.
	2035	{ 5th 25 years.....	576 Millions.
		{ 6th 25 years.....	1,152 Millions.
		{ 7th 25 years.....	2,304 Millions.
		{ 8th 25 years.....	4,608 Millions.
	2135	{ 9th 25 years.....	9,316 Millions.
		{ 10th 25 years.....	18,632 Millions.
		{ 11th 25 years.....	37,264 Millions.
		{ 12th 25 years.....	75,528 Millions.
	2235	{ 13th 25 years.....	151,156 Millions.
		{ 14th 25 years.....	202,312 Millions.
		{ 15th 25 years.....	404,624 Millions.
		{ 16th 25 years.....	809,248 Millions.

Good God ! and can it be that in four hundred years' time there will be EIGHT HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT MILLIONS of inhabitants in England ! Can this possibly be ? and yet it must be if MALTHUS be right. But then this is but one way to expose the folly of the Parson's theory ; this is a sort of ascending table, and if he be correct in that, he must be equally accurate in the descending way ; that is, if in 1811 there were nine millions,

In 1786—	25 years before 1811	there were 4,500,000
In 1661—	50 years before 1811	there were 2,250,000
In 1636—	75 years before 1811	there were 1,125,000
In 1611—	100 years before 1811	there were .. 562,500
In 1586—	150 years before 1811	there were ... 281,250
In 1561—	175 years before 1811	there were .. 140,625
In 1536—	200 years before 1811	there were ... 70,312½
In 1511—	225 years before 1811	there were 35,156
In 1486—	250 years before 1811	there were ... 17,578
In 1461—	275 years before 1811	there were 8,789
In 1436—	300 years before 1811	there were 4,399½
In 1411—	325 years before 1811	there were 2,199½
In 1386—	350 years before 1811	there were 1,099½
In 1361—	375 years before 1811	there were 549½
In 1336—	400 years before 1811	there were 274½
In 1311—	425 years before 1811	there were 137
In 1286—	450 years before 1811	there were 68½
In 1261—	475 years before 1811	there were 34
In 1236—	500 years before 1811	there were 17
In 1211—	525 years before 1811	there were 8½
In 1186—	550 years before 1811	there were 4
In 1161—	575 years before 1811	there were 2 !

So that, in the year of our Lord one thousand one hundred and sixty-one, the English ADAM and EVE were made ! and from their prolific old loins

are to spring, in 975 years after that remarkable year, a pretty round family of boys and girls, amounting in number to *eight hundred and nine thousand two hundred and forty-eight MILLIONS!* Prolific old pair! you will indeed have fulfilled the commandment of God, "increase and multiply." But it is really worth inquiring, where their garden of Eden was, in what county and in what parish; imagination would warmly picture to one's mind that it must have been in either Kent, Derbyshire, or Devonshire, in some lovely, voluptuous, and fertile spot, where labour was unrequired, and where the very air must have a tendency to impart those feelings, so very necessary to a connubial state of existence. And, yet, I beg pardon, upon looking to my table I find this old pair were of the real MALTHUSIAN breed; for although they possessed all England, its rivers, its mines, its cattle, its sheep, its hogs, in fact its every thing, and of course must have been very well able to keep a family, it took them twenty-five years to get *two children*; and, strange to say, twenty-five years after that, by some singular chance or other, our good English Eve had *six and a half at a birth!* Strange sort of breeder, to be sure, the old girl must have been; but so she was, if MALTHUS's theory be right. Slow and sure, discreet and modest, were these our forefathers; no way mercurial, and it was not till five hundred years after, that is, in the year 1661, that their degenerate and lascivious offspring began to break through that sober *restraint* which was so strikingly exemplified by the "*prudent*" conduct of our first parents,

the English ADAM and EVE. In this last-named year, there were two millions in number, when just fifty years before they only amounted to five hundred thousand. Offspring of such indiscriminate intercourse ought to be left, as this pious Parson very justly observes, to the "punishment of nature," and ought very properly "to have no claim of right to the *smallest portion* of food, "and, in fact, has no business to be where he is. "At *nature's mighty feast* there is no vacant cover for him. *She* tells him to be *gone*, and will "quickly execute her own orders!"

I agree with you, good PARSON; but, to come back to your *theory*; did it ever strike you that your theory might probably be founded in error? Did it ever strike you that if you were right, that all historians were liars; and especially HUME, who stoutly tells us, in page 231 of his History, that WILLIAM the BASTARD fought a great battle at HASTINGS with HAROLD, and that in the year 1066 he made a conquest of England? Did it ever strike you that this, according to your account, must have been a sheer falsehood, seeing that that supposed event is related to have taken place just *ninety-six* years before the English ADAM and EVE were made, and consequently that this very sanguinary battle was fought when there was *not a single soul alive in England to fight with*? Did it, good, pious, and tender-hearted Parson, ever strike you that this must be the case, if you persist that you were right in your theory. If you still persist in asserting the accuracy of that theory, we must tear out all the historical accounts of the

ancient Britons ; Boadicea's army, the invasion of Cæsar, the heroic actions of the kings of the Heptarchy ; the details of the piety of the Edwards, the magnanimity of the ALFREDs, the Edwys, the Ethelreds, and a whole race of glorious and inglorious Kings ; in fact we must tear all these accounts out, and begin the history of England in the middle of the reign of HENRY the SECOND, just at the time when ARCHBISHOP BECKET was making that famous stand against the tyranny of that monarch. But even then, all the transactions related to have taken place at that period must all have been false, inasmuch as there were no HENRYS and BECKETs, seeing that there were at that time only a pair of old beings, named ADAM and EVE, of England. So that, if "I lowly and reverently submit to this spiritual pastor and master," I must reject the testimony of all the historians, lawyers, and legislators that have ever lived ; and, in short, an entirely new chronological order of things must take place. But, it is really criminal to treat so important a matter even in an ironical manner, and therefore, I hasten to express a few more thoughts, to show that there is not so great a population in England now that there was five hundred years ago.

Mr. COBBETT, in the above extract, talks about *emigration* ; now I believe that this, and not *procreation*, is the only cause of the increase of a population of any country ; I say I believe that this is an apophthegm universally admitted, unless we except the Parson. History at any rate sanctions this notion ; for we find that ROMULUS, even

after the rape of the Sabines, when all his young citizens had each got a wife, Romulus found that the population of Rome scarcely increased at all, and if it did, it was so slow and imperceptible, that it was not worthy the name of increase ; and had this celebrated founder waited for the natural and legitimate operation of procreation, he would have had to live to a good old age. But he resorted to *emigration* ; and threw open the city gates of Rome, and granted the privileges of citizenship to “all the disaffected spirits of the age,” all the vagrants, thieves, and such persons as were dissatisfied with the government of such states under which they might live ; when ROMULUS resorted to this plan, then, and not till then, did his city increase in population.

But there is another criterion, by which we may judge very accurately whether a nation has increased in population or not ; namely, by the number of its army in the time of war. For instance, if in the year 1688 the county of Hampshire had made war with Wiltshire ; if in that year Hampshire raised ten thousand men, and Wiltshire eight thousand ; if this war terminated and another broke out between the same counties in 1826, when Hampshire raised twenty thousand and Wiltshire sixteen thousand ; I say here would be a demonstrative proof that there was a greater population in both these counties in 1826 than there was in 1688. Now taking this criterion as a correct one, let us bring it to bear upon the question of population with regard to England. If the criterion be good, England possesses a less

number of people in it now than it did 500 years ago! For, how stands the matter? In the reign of EDWARD the SECOND, that monarch took to France a *hundred thousand* fighting men; and Isabella in the same year headed an army of *sixty thousand* men *into Scotland*; making the two armies amount to 160,000 men; all, be it particularly observed, real, pure, unadulterated *John Bulls*; whereas now, mark, reader, on the plains of *Waterloo* there were of *native troops* only *twelve thousand*, consisting of English, Irish and Scotch! where, then, is the proof of an increased population? For, most assuredly, if this nation had so rapidly increased, where was there a more proper place to employ the *overplus* *complained* of and *dreaded*, by the PARSON, than the field of battle; and what duty could they discharge more properly, than that which is due to their country, by fighting its enemies? But great as the *increase* is, there could be spared only twelve thousand, and in the happy days of EDWARD, there could be found ready to chastise their insulting and powerful enemies, one hundred and sixty thousand men. Away, then, with the foolish and erroneous notion of an increased population, a thing, however, if *true*, we ought to rejoice at, and if false, we ought to direct all our energies to rectify.

"VAST IMPROVEMENTS."

All is not gold that glitters.—*Old Proverb.*

Go where you will, in or about BABYLON, the *vast improvements* of the place are sure to be pointed out to you. In the west, you see fine triumphal arches, paid for out of the taxes of an impoverished people ; in one park, a green NAKED monster, raised to the honour of the DUKE of WELLINGTON, by the *modest LADIES* of England ; and, at the extremity of the other park, you may see a huge, ugly palace, with a baker's oven at the top of it, upon a *marsh*, in the nasty neighbourhood of TOTHILL FIELDS ; so that when you go out of the park to PIMLICO, you have, within a few yards of each other, a palace on the right and a *gin shop on the left* ! At HATCHETT's Hotel, in Piccadilly, you may see an *improved* Englishman's fire-side ; namely, a nice seat, snugly placed by the chimney corner, with *sharp bright pikes* round the edge, to prevent people from *sitting* on it ! Now, this is really preposterous, this seat is either of use, or it is not ; if it be, why have pikes to it ; if it be not, why have the seat there at all ?

In the east, is to be seen the NEW CUSTOM HOUSE, which, owing to the superior and improved mode of building it, fell in directly it was

finished; whereas the Old Tower, built exactly on the same sort of ground, in the dark ages, *seven hundred years ago*, remains comparatively unimpaired; and, likely, though *surrounded with water*, even to survive the ruins of that distinguished proof of improvement in the modern art of building.

Near the Custom House is the New Bridge, which the gluttonous citizens of BABYLON are building, to prevent people from being drowned, who run the chance of it by choosing to go under the old one; forgetting that if they remove those barriers which have hitherto caused the danger, they will necessarily nearly inundate the houses a few miles up the Thames, and, at the same time, they will diminish the depth of the water below the bridge, so as probably to prevent any ships of great burden coming much higher than Greenwich, or thereabouts.

These are a few of the improvements of BABYLON, to which must be added, the enlarged prisons, filled with insolvents, the mendicity houses, the hundreds of juvenile pick-pockets, and the thousands of prostitutes, the false glare of the houses and shops of tradesmen, and the bombastical language in which they announce the sale of their wares. If you want to purchase a farthing needle, or a pennyworth of tape, it is sold at the Waterloo, or Royal Clarence House, barricadoed with fine brass mouldings and railings. If you want a pair of trowsers or breeches, the tailor measures you "upon *scientific* principles," regulated by the Rule of Three; namely, if the back and shoulders give

so and so, the posterior requires so and so ! Such are the “vast improvements” of BABYLON, with which I now hastily conclude.

Nôw, reader, I have conducted you through the great and wondrous BABYLON ; if I have represented her hideous and hateful ; it is not because I have made her so, but because she is so ; and a man would be false indeed in his delineations, were he to portray her with any features other than those which must inspire the well-regulated mind with a detestation of her unnatural habits, and the affectation and luxury of her character.

THE END.

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